THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXX.—No. 1560

NOVEMBER 8, 1933

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

Winter Sports Number

1/-

MEGEVE

FRENCH ALPS

P.L.M. Auto-cars from Sallanches (3339 feet altitude)

THE FINEST WINTER SPORTS IN FRANCE

Access to 5400 feet by aerial railway in 8 minutes

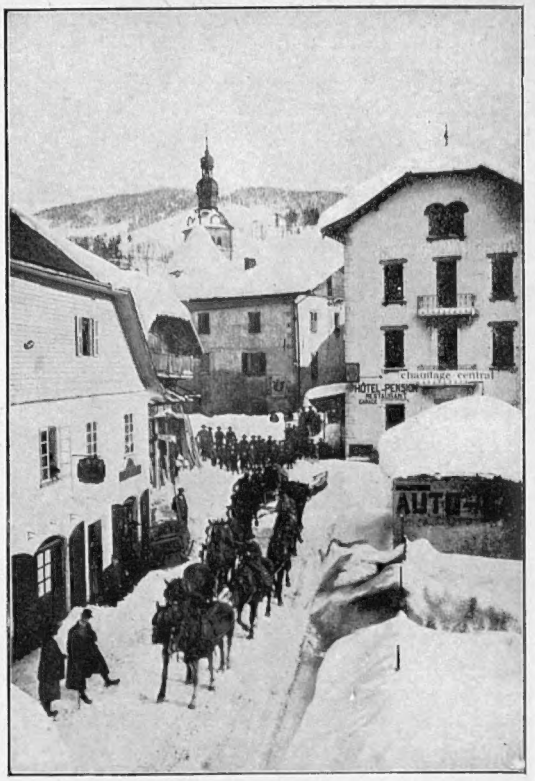
ALL WINTER SPORTS

List of Recommended Hotels :—

Hotel Mont'-d'Arbois—Hotel Edelweis—Hotel du Parc—Hotel Windsor

" Les Lutins " Kindergarten
Open - air Boarding School.
" L'Isba"—Bar—Grill Room.

All winter sports requisites and kit on sale by G. Reussner.



For Illustrated Guide-book and full particulars, apply to :—

SYNDICAT D'INITIATIVE
Mégève, Hte. Savoie, France.

WINTER SPORTS IN THE PYRENEES

SUPERBAGNÈRES—LUCHON

(Haute-Garonne)

WINTER SPORTS SKI-ING, LUGEING, BOBSLEIGH, HOCKEY, CURLING, SKATING

Apparatus and Sportsmen taken up by the Electric Railway

23rd Ski International Championships of France, Feb. 20—25, 1934.

L'HOTEL DE SUPERBAGNÈRES

(Altitude : 6,000 feet)

Connected with Luchon by Electric Rack and Pinion Railway

OPENS for WINTER SEASON : 20th DECEMBER

Special terms for minimum stay of 7 days—arrangements for families

For all information apply to :—
M. le Directeur de l'Hôtel de Superbagnères, Luchon (Hte-Garonne)

Let Illustrated Newspapers Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Paris

AT the Paris Offices of "The Illustrated London News," "The Sphere," "The Sketch," "The Tatler," "The Bystander," "Britannia and Eve," "The Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French, Belgian, Swiss, and Italian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

The Bystander, November 8, 1933 No. 1560. Vol. CXX.

The BYSTANDER

Peter North

MISS ANGELA BRETT

Miss Angela Brett's engagement to Mr. Kenneth Thornton, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Thornton, of 31, Norfolk Street, Park Lane, was announced last month. Mr. Thornton had a motor accident when he was on his way back to London from Scotland a week or two ago, but, fortunately, was not seriously hurt, and is now almost recovered. Miss Angela Brett, who is a very charming and popular person, is just twenty-two; she is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Maurice and Mrs. Brett (Zena Dare), and a niece of Viscount Esher

• WHAT'S • ADO • ABOUT

Peter North

The Hon. Mrs. John Bethell

Lenare

Miss Pamela Baker

Miss Pamela Baker is the daughter of Mrs. Charles Baker, and a granddaughter of the late Sir Robert Lyle. Her brother, Mr. David Baker, married the Hon. Eileen Hood last summer. Miss Baker, who not very long ago entered the ranks of the ex-debs., hunts when she is at her home in Berkshire, and studies music when she is in London

Left: the Hon. Mrs. John Bethell, the wife of Lord Bethell's elder son, is the Hon. Sir James Connolly's daughter, and is an Australian. The John Bethells have a son of five, and two daughters, the younger of whom was born in May this year; they have a house at Bushey Heath

Baron Jacques Thena

Over the Air

I HEAR that, owing to the success of the broadcasts, "Anywhere for a News Story," by the most famous journalists, application has been made to the B.B.C. that one or two individuals well known in Mayfair should be heard on the microphone. With regard to choice of subjects, let us imagine that Mrs. Stewart Brown would broadcast "Anywhere for a Party"; Captain "Jumbo" Jolliffe would talk on "The Economics of the State of Rajpipla"; Mrs. Cecil Pim could tell of the thrill of "A Flutter with a 'Mille,'"; Mrs. Claude Beddington would recall "Hats I Seldom Use"; and Mrs. "Eddie" Baron might instruct us in "The Art of the Curtsey." This is, of course, only an idea with which to toy, but by next week I hope to have it in better fettle.

"Les Girls" at a Seat of Learning

Cambridge has beaten Oxford again. This time it is over the contest to entertain "Les Girls." Those who can be awarded their "blue" in the Cantab camp are Messrs. Simon and Aubrey Baring, who entertained six of the Dorchester "Follies" in the University town last Sunday week. There was much heart-burning among undergraduates not asked to meet the charmers, who motored up for the day in Daimler hires: rather like furniture arriving in "plain vans." Some of these girls have become rather conceited, and much resent criticism of their Americanisms.

Wedding of the Week

We had another Horlick wedding last week, when the same audience as had viewed the marriage of Katherine to Mr. Kenneth Wagg turned up again at Sunderland House for the reception. I somehow don't think they had all been to Southwark Cathedral to see **Betsan** marry **Mr. Jack Coats**: one can be sure that Sir Ernest Horlick had, for he had given his daughter away.

Martinis and Sidecars

Cocktail parties went with a swing last week. Thirty-six Charles Street, Berkeley Square resounded to the tinkles of ice and a band, for **Madame Alfredo de Peña** was at home on Wednesday. "Flashing Flo," as she is affectionately termed by her many friends, owing to the brilliance of her emeralds, has been "summering" in the country. Mrs. Ormond Lawson Johnston, who has let her Park Lane flat to the O'Malley Keyes during their visit from Biarritz, Lord Poulett with his sister, Major Jack Paget, Dr. Gavin, and scores more were there.

But not quite as many as usual, for there was another large cocktail-party given by the **Norman Laskis** in Melbury Road the same evening: here there were the Marks', Sieffs, Goodendays, and Behars, and again scores more, too.

The previous night **Mrs. "Freddie" Cripps** had allied a new sports department to her husband's hair-dressing establishment, Douglas's, in Bond Street. I think the Colonel might patronise his artists himself more often—though he naturally does not go elsewhere. Everyone was glad to hear that he is very much better. Sir John Salmond, Lord Allendale, Lady Stanley, Lady Cunard, Mrs. Alistair Macintosh—these made a fair nucleus of "names."

Under new Management

Those indefatigable "West-End Clubmen," Arthur Eliot, "Mike" Lafone, and David Tennant are not content with the success of Punch's, D.A.M.'s, and the Gargoyle, for they have now taken over the Café de la Paix, in Regent Street, and hope to make it "le dernier cri de Mayfair." The restaurant accordingly had another official opening under their auspices. Quaglino is taking over Taglioni's "Grand Vatel," in Jermyn Street, I hear—there are also some similar negotiations about Pourville, for Mr. "Billy" Gardner is often in earnest conclave in Bury Street.

Skating and Squash

There is to be a rejuvenation of the **Ice Club**, Millbank. Mr. Hubert Martineau and Mr. Stephen Courtauld are preparing boxes of squibs to hot it up, so we can look for some gala evenings there in the future.

• TOWN "The Bystander's" Potted Social Diary of the Week

and Miss Edith Lowther

Lenare

Miss Nan McGowan

A new portrait of Miss Nan McGowan, Sir Harry and Lady McGowan's daughter, who came out last year. She was one of Miss Betsan Horlick's procession of sixteen bridesmaids last week

Left: Miss Edith Lowther, elder daughter of the late Sir Gerard Lowther and Lady Lowther, and a cousin of Lord Lonsdale, was married to Baron Jacques Thenard at St. James's, Spanish Place

Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward

The Hon. Edward and Mrs. Ward's wedding took place in Shropshire last May. Mrs. Ward was Miss Elizabeth Balfour, and is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Balfour. Her husband is Viscount and Viscountess Bangor's only son

Now is the time of year when young men dash back from the City to be in time to play **squash** in the evenings. The Bath Club Cup is in full swing; the Conservative Club, as usual, have a fine side, with players like Desmond Backhouse, A. J. Peech, and D'Oyly Sheppard. Cambridge went down before the International Sportsmen's Club: Lord Donegall, who looks as if a puff of wind would blow him over, out-puffed his younger opponent in a five-game match.

Music

The week's high-spot, musical or theatrical, was **Gigli's** recital at the Albert Hall: it was sold out, as was the Queen's Hall on Friday night for Horowitz. Gigli pleased audience and critics alike: Francis Toye, who surely is the only musical critic ever to be managing-director of a restaurant (Boulestin's), said "'The Gluck,' my dear boy, you will never hear sung better." And when one remembers, that he, of course, must have heard it in Milan, one was duly impressed. Mr. Beddington Behrens listened enraptured to Gigli, for he also has made gramophone records, which he sends to his friends—a new lot are just out. The Brazilian Ambassador, with Mme. Regis de Oliveira, Mrs. Malcolm Sargent, and Mrs. Washington Singer were in the audience. Very sorry to hear that Mr. Singer is still so very ill and has been moved from his house, Leighon, on Dartmoor, to Torquay. Mrs. Singer is one of the patronesses of **Aeolus Concerts**, organised by Olga Lynn. Sir Philip Sassoon, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lord Londonderry are others. At Londonderry House, Horowitz will play on November 24th; it is as big a triumph to have secured him as to have got Paderewski to a salon in the 'nineties.

The Play

First-nights last week were rather disappointing. Both important ones were supposed to be comedies, but the authors had rather forgotten that. **Sydney Howard**, at the Aldwych, seemed to miss Leslie Henson as much as Ralph Lynn does Tom Walls. The Duke of Norfolk enjoyed it, though; he sat with Miss Anne Wood, Lord Irwin's daughter; Captain Arthur Pilkington had a good laugh, too.

At the Palace **Fred Astaire** was a sure draw to all the chic first-nighters. Cole Porter had written the music and lyrics, and "everybody loves dear Coalie." And the dancing of Fred Astaire was, of course, perfect; and most people had heard "Night and Day" before, so, even if humour was rather absent, the audience had a good hum. Sir Richard and Lady Cruise, Lord Brownlow, Mr. St. John Hutchinson with Lady Diana Cooper, Lady Juliet Duff, and Lord Charles Cavendish; his wife, Adèle Astaire, must have been bitterly disappointed at not being able to welcome her brother back to London.

And a Film

In the screen world we had the child actor, Robert Lynen, in the film, **Poil de Carotte**, at the Rialto. He appeared on the stage after the first performance; he is tall and thin, has long, fair, girlish hair, and was wearing a primrose-yellow coat and shorts. His performance on the screen was much better than this. **Mr. Peeps**

Lady Dalrymple-Champneys and Lady Castlereagh at the party given by Lady Dalrymple-Champneys at her house in Bryanston Square for the Red Cross Ball

• PERSONALITIES

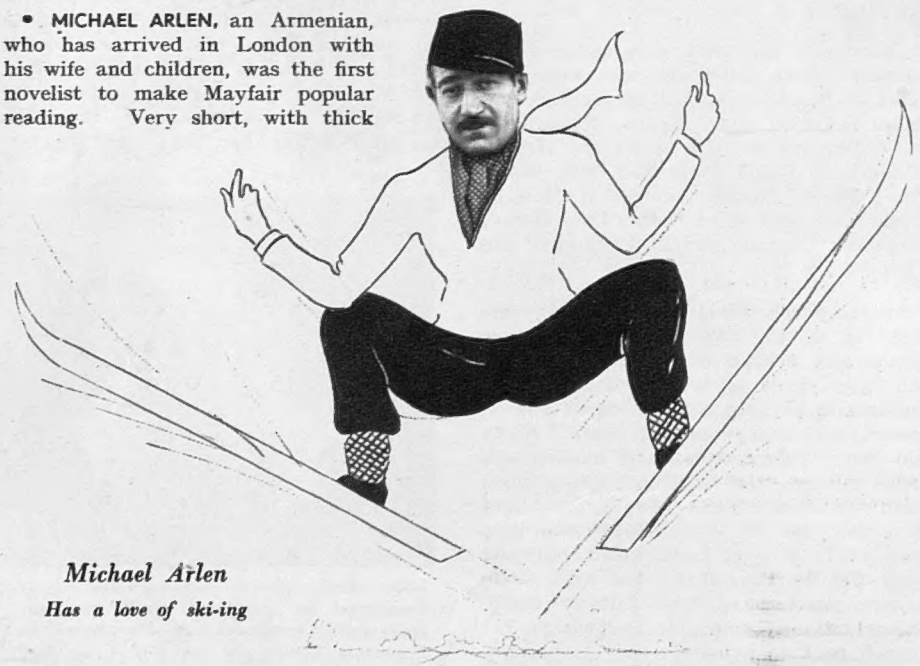
• **PRINCESS ALPHONSE DE CHIMAY**, whose father, Lord Ernest Hamilton, has just written a book on Victorian days, has a dress-shop, called the Echo de Paris. Tall, very thin, vivacious, and attractive, she and her lovely, fair-haired sister, now Lady Buchanan-Jardine, startled London when they made their début. Quite unlike other débutantes, witty, elegant, and poised, they had an instantaneous success. Princess Alphonse moves gracefully, and has a way of making a clever remark, glancing downwards, which is extraordinarily fascinating. She enjoys life enormously, is charming to her tall, charming husband, adores her baby, makes light of difficulties, and never breaks a promise. She has a house in Elm Park Gardens, a Duke for a grandfather, a husband who is a house agent, and a reputation for chic.

• **NOEL COWARD**, England's famous young playwright, composer and actor, will have one of his early plays—*Hay Fever*—revived by C. B. Cochran this month. Personality personified, he is an overwhelming individual, with an unusual voice which made his sayings noteworthy even before he was acclaimed. He is absolutely unspoilt by his meteoric success; he is charming to his old-time acquaintances, never forgetting a face, and helping less fortunate contemporaries in thousands of ways undreamt of by the public. His brain is growing, his sense of true values developing, and he will go from further triumph to further triumph, because progress is natural to him, and because he has true brain-power behind his ability. He is a "real person," and he will be a "great person." He appreciates and loves England, the spirit of *Cavalcade* lies within him. He has a big heart, a sense of humour, and a child-like love of present-giving.

Lady Dunn

Thinks nothing of leaving England at twenty-four hours' notice

• **MICHAEL ARLEN**, an Armenian, who has arrived in London with his wife and children, was the first novelist to make Mayfair popular reading. Very short, with thick hair, a neat moustache and smart clothes, he looks to-day as supremely successful as he is. His real name is Dikran Konyoumdjian, but he was naturalised in 1922. It is amazing that he could, and can, portray Society so perfectly. He has few illusions about himself or anyone else, and is extraordinarily tenacious. He has written three plays, and is one of the highest-paid short-story writers in the country. He married a very lovely lady, Atalanta, daughter of Count Mercati, and they live most of the year in the South of France. He has two children, of whom he is inordinately proud, a love of ski-ing, an interest in his own reactions, quick wit, and a desire to show the truth.



Michael Arlen

Has a love of ski-ing

• **LADY DUNN**, who is giving an Empire party, has refused many advantageous film offers. She is small, beautiful, and fascinating. She looks very young, and it seems impossible that Lady Patricia Douglas, aged fifteen, should be her daughter by her first marriage. She has made one English film with John Loder, but we were not given the opportunity of hearing her voice, which has been trained by famous musicians. She is married to Sir James Dunn, a brilliantly clever Canadian, and they have one daughter, Ann, aged four. Lady Dunn has travelled extensively—she thinks nothing of leaving England at twenty-four hours' notice for many weeks' absence. She has a magnificent house in Norfolk Street, where her husband has a collection of pictures by Augustus John. She has auburn hair, a perfect figure, huge eyes, a villa in the South of France, a ranch in Canada, and so many interests it is impossible to recount them all—"PETER PEPPER"

Noel Coward

The spirit of "Cavalcade" is within him

(1) Mr. Jack Coats and Miss Betsan Horlick receiving guests at Sunderland House

(2) Leaving Southwark Cathedral: Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Coats' son, and Miss Horlick, daughter of Sir Ernest Horlick and Lady Oppenheimer

Wedding of the Week

Mr. J. B. S. Coats and Miss Betsan Horlick

(4) Mr. Charles Birkin and Mrs. John Ranger waiting for a car outside Southwark Cathedral after the wedding service

(3) Mr. Paul Willert and Miss Margaret Thesiger on their way to Sunderland House, where the reception was held

(5) Lady Elisabeth Hare and Miss E. Coats, a cousin of the bridegroom, in Curzon Street

(6) Mrs. Richard Talbot and Mrs. Seely, with Lord Poulett between them to act as escort

(7) Two more of the guests photographed after the reception were Sir Joseph and Lady Napier

(8) Another couple who went to the Coats-Horlick wedding were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hardy

(9) Miss M. Eliott and Mr. Dunlop left the reception on foot

A Racing Reverie

The End of the Season: By "Regular"

At the Oxford University Draghound hunter trials: Mr. J. D. Profumo, Miss M. Profumo, Mr. Perry and Mr. R. T. Dibben. The trials were held on a cold and windy day at Middleton Stoney, near Bicester

LORD GLANELY is just about the greatest friend the Turf has at the moment. In the first place, he is a lavish purchaser of blood-stock. Secondly, it was through his untiring efforts, by taking the matter to the House of Lords, that the law regarding taxation on stallions' fees was altered; and thirdly, every now and then he produces one in a seller or a small handicap which we can all help ourselves to.

LORD GLANELY is no humbug; he loves to have a bet, and admits it. Personally, I 'm all for an owner betting, and can't stand these non-betting ones. They always seem to come up at 20 to 1 and beat something I 've backed.

DELIGHTED as I was to see Harry Wragg riding winners, I could not help feeling sorry that Mr. Shaw Kennedy thought it necessary to take Michael Beary off Nitsichin, in the Jockey Club Cup. Beary was sufficiently good to win the Cesarewitch on his mare last year, while his jockeyship on her when defeating Hill Cat on the July Course this year constituted one of the finest riding feats of the year. Can it be that Beary has deteriorated so much since then that the combination of Michael and Nitsichin could not beat Chatelaine and Statesman?

Mr. Thorne and Miss E. Bovey watching an event at the hunter trials at Middleton Stoney

Another photograph on the same occasion: Mr. William Poulett, Miss K. Keyes and Miss Anne Jephson by the ringside

Mr. Patrick Winnington and Miss Stella Villiers at Hawthorn Hill on the first day of the November Steeplechase Meeting

WITH the completion of racing at Newmarket, we realise that the end is very near, and one gets the feeling one used to experience towards the end of a glorious summer holiday in one's private-school days.

IN a few brief weeks we shall bid a sad farewell to those we love so much. For four whole months we shall have to do without them, and our social climbing will be at a standstill. No longer shall I be able to return to Auntie of an evening and say: "I 've nodded to the Tuftons," or "I 've been cut by the Kelletts." I shall have to content myself with smaller fry.

LORD GLANELY'S motion that the horse, disqualified after winning a race, who has only interfered with the second shall be placed second instead of last, was defeated, as all good racegoers knew it would be.

"WHY?" you ask in amazement. Simply and solely because Lord Glanely proposed the alteration in the rule about ten years too soon. You must understand that, although we were the first people who found out it was great fun to see which horse goes fastest, we have made very little progress since those far-off days; and, as far as any modern innovation is concerned, we must let every other nation try it out for at least twenty years before we adopt it over here.

THE Jockey Club slogan, "What was good enough for my old father is good enough for me," is not exactly the watchword of progress; but, so long as our racing is run by reactionaries, we must be content with things as they are and be thankful for small mercies. I have never been able to understand why motor-cars are allowed at Newmarket; they must be pain and grief to a lot of people.

I AM not too old to like jokes about Scotsmen, and I have two Scots friends called M. and P. After every race, except the last, when they jump into their expensive motor-cars, they patronise the bar. The fifth visit invariably produces a somewhat embarrassing wait, as it means that one of them has to pay for the odd round.

THE fifth race was in progress on one of those bitterly cold days at Newmarket and the horses were approaching the Bushes. You could hear a pin drop in the private stand, when P. exclaimed in a loud voice: "If So-and-so wins, I 'll buy you a large drink." To which M. replied: "Even if he doesn't, it 's your turn."

THE season at Newmarket ended in a perfect sea of Cherry Brandy, but those who came up in time to see the last race of all saw a very fine piece of perseverance on the part of Bobby Jones, on Brunswick. Jovial Judge seemed to have got him well beaten, but Bobby refused to be beaten, and he wasn't, and I have seldom seen Mr. Tattersall look so pleased.

HARRY WRAGG, obviously quite recovered from his bad accident, is riding brilliantly, and he and Her Eminence, with 9 st. 1 lb., put up a great performance when winning the Criterion Nursery. Her Eminence is a most useful two-year-old, and Mr. Esmond did well to buy her, though why Mr. Walter Raphael thought fit to sell her, while keeping the moderate Hornsey Rise, I shall never understand.

WITH that stiff upper lip for which we are renowned, we must resign ourselves to no "Porchy," no Portia, very little Evelyn, and practically no Beauchamp at all. Mrs. Clayton will hand over her throne as Queen of the Regulasses to Mrs. Hollins, and Les "Jumping" Girls (not to be confused with the Dorchester ones) will be here again.

LIFE, though, will have its compensations, and not all our smart Regulars and Lasses will be leaving us, by any means. Lady Kimberley would walk miles and miles to see a steeplechase, in the same way she would a flat race; Cuthbert Blundell is as dotty on one form of sport as he is on the other, as is Captain McDougall; while we shall still have "Wiggy."

WE shall still see Mrs. Vernet and her clerk, and we shall once again see the Countess and hers; we shall welcome the Anthonys and Howells. Lady Sibell Lygon will be at all the meetings, while Mrs. Aldridge will help to make those grey winter days not so grey.

THE General will still be there, so we shall know what 's done and what's not done, and, altogether, winter looks like being rather fun.

Above : Mrs. Philip Kindersley, Lord Elveden and Miss Tisdall at the opening meet of the Ward Union Hounds, at the Ward, Co. Dublin

Out Of Doors

The Golfing, Shooting and Hunting Round

Right : Lady Brecknock and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton on their way to the tenth tee, at Wentworth, in the Ladies' Parliamentary Society's golf tournament

Engaged Couple

Above : Mr. Charles Crawley, Mr. Kenneth Crawley's younger son, and the Hon. Verena Maxwell, the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Farnham, whose engagement was announced last week, photographed at Mr. Crawley's home, Brancepeth, Co. Durham

Below :

Left : The Hon. Mrs. Jenkinson and the Hon. Esmé Glyn waiting to start off in the Ladies' Parliamentary Society's tournament

Centre : Miss Selby and Sir Colville Barclay at the Oxford University Draghounds Hunter Trials, at Middleton Stoney

Right : Mr. E. Winter and the Hon. Mrs. Hill-Wood, with her Hiwood Pitch, at the Kennel Club's twenty-second Retriever Trials, near Swaffham, in Norfolk

Sasha

Au Bon Viveur

Above : Miss June Child, Mme. d'Avila de Peña's daughter, Mr. Ralph Hanké, her fiancé, and Mr. and Mrs. Chisholm at the Bon Viveur Club's first birthday party

Below : Miss Jean Campbell, Miss Patty Bevis, Miss de Burgh Whyte, and Miss Helen Blane, four of the Venetian Ball Junior Committee

Swaebe

—and Upstairs

Above : Lord and Lady Nunburnholme having supper on the balcony at the Café de Paris

Left : two of Henry VIII.'s Queens, Merle Oberon (Anne Boleyn) and Binnie Barnes (Catherine of Aragon), Mr. Michael Gold and Mrs. Joseph, Miss Barnes's husband, at the Café de Paris

At the Café de Paris—Downstairs—

Swaebe

The "Juniors" at Work

Town Topics

On the right are six Georgian Ball performers : Miss Castellani, Miss Joan White, Lady Anne Rhys as "The Exquisite Perdita," Miss Peggy Gordon Moore as Princess Charlotte, Lady Palmer as Jane Austen, and Miss Nancy Blake as Lady Mary Carlisle

Another of the Georgian Beauties in the procession at the Georgian Ball last night was Lady Marguerite Bligh, who appeared as Queen Caroline, George IV.'s wife. The Ball was held at the Dorchester in aid of naval homes and leave camps

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 23

Madame Alfredo de Peña

Potted by Charles Gay
Caricatured by Sirra

FUTURE historians, delving into the kaleidoscopic mirage of the 1920's and 1930's, will want to discover all they can about Mme. Alfredo de Peña, known to her friends as "Flo de P." For it was "Flo," and no other, who introduced cocktail-parties to London, and consequently to England. And we all know what cocktails are supposed to have done to the youth and beauty of Mayfair as well as of the suburbs. Of course, "Flo" could never have guessed what she was starting up when she asked a few friends to come in after tea and have cocktails to while away a blank hour or two before dinner. Even if she had, I don't suppose it would have made any difference. And why should it?

FLORENCE DE PEÑA has an enormous vitality, extreme good nature, a husband in the Argentine, a house in Charles Street, violet eyes, blonde hair, beautiful legs, and a complete lack of self-consciousness. She was originally Florence Carney, and was born in Washington. She was never on the stage, and says that she never had any talent, even as a show girl. She met her first husband, Willie Isaac, in New York (to-day he lives in Alassio). They married in 1912 and came to Europe. Monte Carlo saw them. So did the Russian Grand Dukes in St. Petersburg. Those were the days. You had a full-course dinner served in your box at the theatre, and nobody said "Hush!"

For some years Biarritz, which is relatively so close to Madrid and San Sebastian, saw Florence queening it proudly. Others of her homes have been 17, Rue Weber, in Paris, next door to Constance Bennett during her brief marriage to Phil Plant; the Château la Bocca, at Cannes, where King Edward had stayed years before; and a house in Hill Street, Berkeley Square. At one time she was spending thirty-five thousand pounds a year.

FLORENCE has a son, Wilfred. He is a very good-looking boy who has just gone up to Oxford. For a long time he wanted to be a priest. Now he is going to read law and take up politics—probably to bring in a law against cocktail-parties. Florence herself has never smoked, never gambled, and is frequently teetotal. She has been on the water-waggon now for nearly five months. She has discovered that she needs no artificial stimulant, even if she is going to sit up all night.

She is an extremist, with very strong likes and dislikes. She is always very generous, and she is never malicious. She would sooner like people than dislike them. If the latter eventuality is inescapable, she simply deletes them from her thoughts and conversation. She is talkative, quickly roused, and easily pacified. In fact, very young in many ways. Why, it was only two months ago that she got chicken-pox.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Great fun for the Crown Counsel (Francis L. Sullivan) and the Counsel for the Defence (Cecil Ramage) before an unappreciative audience. In the witness-box Alicia Deverton (Ivy Tresmand); in the dock, Ray Rudford (William Freshman)

"*What Happened Then?*"

THE art of walking simultaneously backwards and in circles is one peculiarly reserved for the writers of crime plays. Lillian Trimble Bradley, whose mystery melodrama, *What Happened Then?* has landed up at the Garrick after a couple of starts elsewhere, seems to me to have got the hang of this sort of play to a nicety. Miss Bradley starts off with a nice, sentimental couple of young folks planning their wedding-day to the accompaniment of so many kisses that you guess at once things with them are too good to be true. Then the stage goes dark, a housemaid walks across without uttering a word, and the next thing you hear is a piercing feminine scream.

IF you can think of a better sequel to this disturbing prelude than a Court scene, Miss Bradley, with her next play in mind, may like to hear from you. This particular Court scene keeps all the commandments about stage murder trials. The Judge is slow and testy; Counsel for the Crown (Francis L. Sullivan) is a sarcastic bully; the defending K.C. (Cecil Ramage) is sonorously sincere; and most of the witnesses are music-hall turns in themselves. What keeps me on the alert at these manifestations of stage justice is the possibility that the innocent party in the dock may at any moment fire a revolver at the Judge, or that Counsel for the Defence may suddenly throw up the case. Both contingencies are capable of meaning everything or nothing. Upon the learned Judge I invariably focus a suspicious eye. It may turn out that, on the night when old Mr. Rudford had his throat slit from ear to ear, his Lordship had dropped in to settle some hang-over from the days when they were devils together in King's Bench Walk. You never know.

Perhaps for "never" I should substitute "hardly ever." The old hand at this guess-who-did-it game has at least two almost infallible rules to work on. The first is to dismiss as Not Guilty any person or persons whom the author, in the earlier stages, is busy plastering with suspicion. Applying this formula to *What Happened Then?* we acquit the young man in the dock (William Freshman), his fiancée (Ivy Tresmand), and, of course, the butler (Raymond Huntley).

Butlers with twitching hands, a hang-dog air, and every just cause for slitting the throat of an odious master are seldom, if ever, confronted with murder in the Third Act.

The second rule (about the highest-paid actor or actress in the cast) is so elementary that I hardly like to mention it. Firstly, because it is positively ungentlemanly to give away the solution of a murder play; and secondly, because it pulls me up short just as I am getting to the spicier details. I daren't say a word more about the throat-cutting, the fallibility of finger-prints, the wild, hyena-like laughter at dead of night (which might have come out of *Dracula*), or the finer points of hypnotic powers, ventriloquism and youthful head injuries as accessories to blood-stained goings-on.

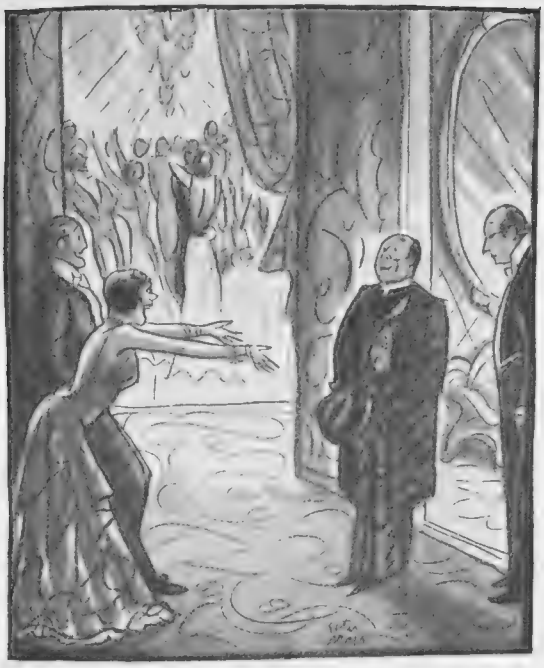
At the risk of putting you on a scent which the author cheats like fury to keep hidden till the last moment, honour where honour is due demands that the hunted agony of Violet Vanbrugh and the idiosyncrasies of Richard Bird should not pass unhonoured and unsung. A good many playgoers outside the pale of the sophisticates will enjoy this piece and bear it no ill-will by remembering what happened in the Third Act of a certain macabre and exciting play by Edgar Wallace.

TRINCULO.

Sketches by Rouson

Grand Finale! A shock for Mrs. Brambley (Violet Vanbrugh) when she unexpectedly enters upon her sons Robert (Martin Lewis) and Peter (Richard Bird)

Peter Arno's Been At It Again



" Why, Vicar, y 'know, I thought of asking you to my party, an' then I thought, ' Oh, what the hell ! ' "

" Is there any place here I can get at my purse ? "

PETER ARNO'S new book, called " Peter Arno's Circus," has just arrived to hit all his English fans in the place where they laugh, and here are four of the jokes that decorate its pages. Some of the pictures were shown in his Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries last year, but most of them are new on this side of the Atlantic. John Lane, The Bodley Head, are the publishers, and the price is 7s. 6d.

" What the hell d'yuh mean, I 'm disagreeable ? "

" Say, Ambassador—you 're wanted on the 'phone "

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

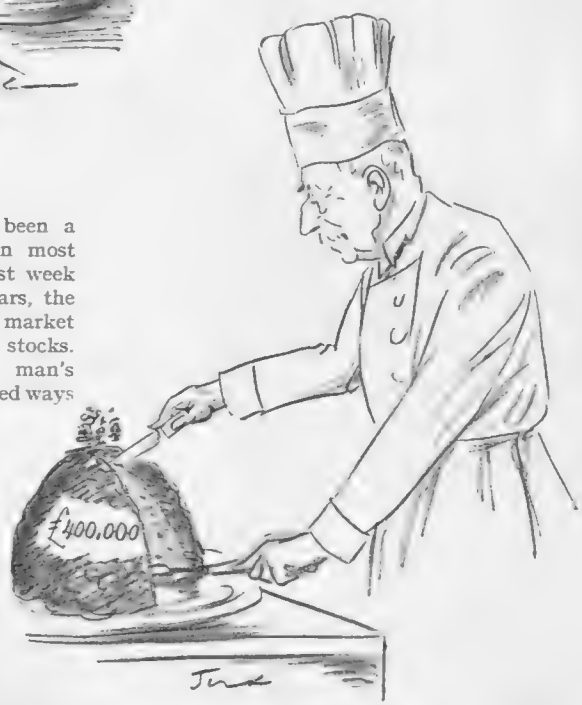
Hugh Quekett
"The Chef"

THE new Argentine Loan has been a great topic of conversation in most parts of the House for the last week or two; by the time this page appears, the gilt-edged market and the foreign market will be busy with the A, B, and C stocks. Here is yet another example of man's amazing ingenuity in finding unexpected ways out of the impossible deadlocks he creates for himself. The ingenuity of this scheme for liberating pesos, and so enabling the dividends of British holders of Argentine stocks and shares to be paid in spite of exchange restrictions is unquestioned. And, far from disturbing the position of the peso, the adjustment of the dividend question is almost certain to improve Argentine credit. It will be interesting to see whether any precedent is set by this experiment.

THE *Help Yourself Annual* has been out nearly a month now, so it 's time we featured it here. The Help Yourself Society, of which every purchaser of an *Annual* becomes a member, makes the proud boast that, such a good friend to it has the Press been, it has never had to spend a brass farthing on advertising. For the last three years over a million copies of the *Annual* have been printed each year, so it 's no idle boast. Already this year three large editions have gone out, and three of the largest printers in the United Kingdom are kept busy night and day on it.

THE whole thing started as a Stock Exchange raffle twelve years ago, the versatile brain of Hugh Quekett being responsible. This—a purely House affair—was soon sat on, good and proper, by certain authorities; from its remains sprang the present Help Yourself Society, which this year makes its eleventh distribution of gifts, and has contributed over £402,000 to charity. The Society is in no way officially connected with the general management of the Stock Exchange, but Hugh Quekett, the hon. secretary, is also the hon. secretary of the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society, and the S.E.D.O.S. is responsible for the publication of the *Annual*. Hugh Quekett, who is also an actor of no mean repute, has, in consequence of his above-mentioned activities, been appointed an officer of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem.

C. M. DYER, the hon. treasurer of the Help Yourself Society, has held this office since the beginning. His energy and enthusiasm are boundless; in fact, he is so wrapped up in the work that it is said that if the Society died, he 'd die with it. He has actually signed every cheque that has gone out. He has been a member of the House for forty-three years. The secretary of the Society is Alex. S. Clunes (his parents bungled his christening and gave him another name beginning with S, but he doesn't use it); he is not a member of the Stock Exchange. He was for many years connected with the stage in various capacities, and for six years was Matheson Lang's manager.



C. M. Dyer
"The Carver"

IT is a curious fact, with, we feel sure, some deep psychological meaning, that the recipients of the smaller gifts are always the first to express their gratitude to the Society, while those who receive the really big and important ones sometimes forget to send an acknowledgment at all. There was once a recipient of a £600 car who didn't want the car, sold it, and, only getting trade price for it, wrote to the Society and said they ought to refund him the difference between that and the retail price, as they 'd advertised the gift of a £600 car. Some people are never happy. . . . The Society always receives a flood of correspondence from the anonymous post-card fiends, all abusing the organisation and questioning its honesty. And, finally, anyone who hasn't got an *Annual* and is now inspired to buy one, should send 2s. 10d. for a post-free copy to the Help Yourself Society, 3, Copthall Buildings, E.C.2.

"THE PRAWN'S" exploits with his net, which we described the other day, have reminded us of the presentation made to Guy Argles a year or two ago. Some of his friends constructed a fishing-rod, with a cardboard reel, and a landing net, and gave these to him, plus a kipper, to commemorate his first salmon-fishing trip to Scotland. The kipper, having done its duty by Guy Argles, was much in demand for other uses, and finally found its way into a drawer in a broker's desk, where it spent the week-end; it was discovered on Monday morning in fine condition. Guy Argles, who is small and extremely dapper in appearance, is a jobber; he and his wife live down in Berkshire, entertain a good deal, and are a very popular couple.

IT is many years since the House was open to any section of the public. Next Saturday morning it will be closed for work, but open to members' friends who want to see the war memorials. Admission, of course, is by ticket only.

Guy Argles
"Fishy Business"

Playing and Singing

The Shilling Theatre and the Gigli Recital

Right: Ellen Pollock and Carol Goodner are both acting in Jolliffe Metcalfe's "Finished Abroad," which Lady Ravensdale has helped to put on at the Shilling Theatre, Fulham, and which is probably just about the best shilling's-worth of dramatic entertainment to be had anywhere

Swaebe

Mr. Robert Newton is the only man appearing in "Finished Abroad," which is produced by Leontine Sagan of "Mädchen in Uniform" fame, and is about a Swiss finishing-school. Mr. Newton and his sister, who is with him in the photograph, were the originators of the Shilling Theatre idea

Swaebe

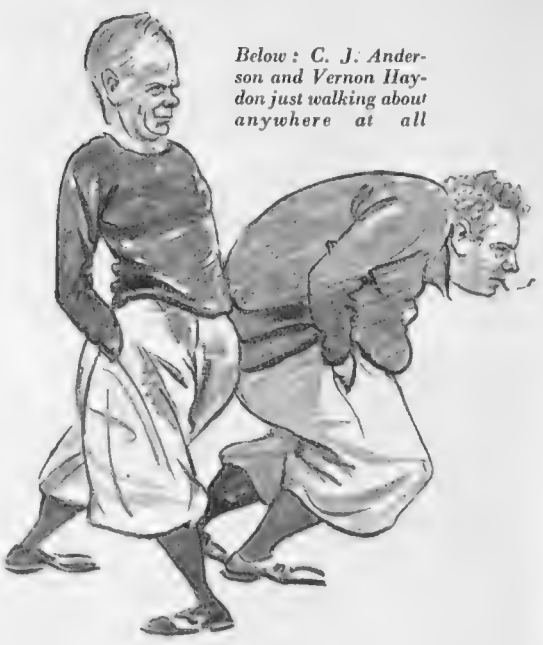
Ellen Pollock, Lady Ravensdale and Carol Goodner

At the Albert Hall to Hear Gigli

The Albert Hall was packed for the Gigli recital last week. In the audience were Mme. Paravicini and her daughter, Mlle. Livia Paravicini (above, left), Miss Elizabeth Stair, and Mr. Langton Dodds (above, right), and, in the photograph below, Lady Howe, Mrs. Gordon Leith, and Lady Georgiana Curzon. On the left is Gigli, the great Italian tenor himself, trying his voice out in his dressing-room before the recital

Left: Peter Lawless protecting himself from the rust the wind blew off his early tenth-century clubs

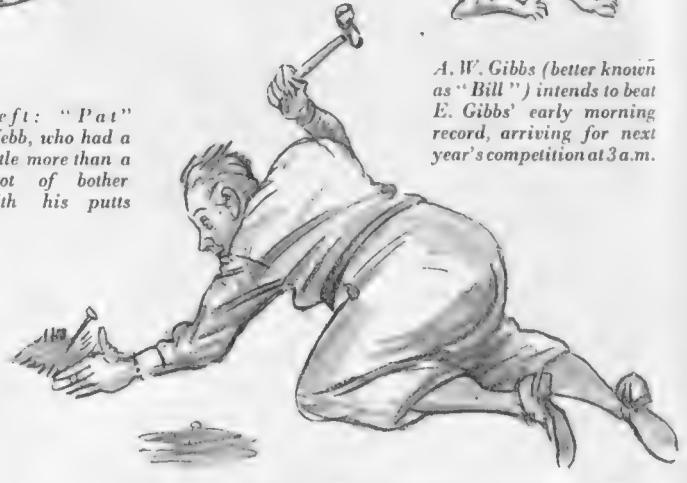
THE Branksome Tower Hotel Tournament for the Branksome Challenge Cup and Branksome Tower Trophy was played, as usual, over the Ferndown and Parkstone Courses, and was organised by Mr. Cockell



Below: C. J. Anderson and Vernon Haydon just walking about anywhere at all

Left: Francis Ricardo, the winner. The secret of his success was a certain club which a small and frail competitor in the Girls' Championship gave to him. He has a strange idea that he resembles Bobby Jones in style

Left: "Pat" Webb, who had a little more than a spot of bother with his putts



A. W. Gibbs (better known as "Bill") intends to beat E. Gibbs' early morning record, arriving for next year's competition at 3 a.m.

This is one of the only courses we know where you are requested not to put back the divots, as the Secretary of Ferndown (Cyril Beard) dearly loves the job of nailing them back himself the next morning

The Morning After the Night Before for

Left : Ted Carris who missed putts by that much

Left : Lord Westmorland doing a little shooting out in the heather

Douglas Caird draining the ditches

H. E. Botting, the Copthorne slosher, believes in a high tee

W. H. Bermingham ("Brum") started off with a cum-back ball

I. R. Patey and Andrew McNair, the long and short of it, both in scores and physique

"Cockey" Cockell just waiting somewhere near the nineteenth

the Branksome Challenge Cup : By H. H. Harris

Worplesdon v. Cambridge

Capt. G. A. Moxon (Worplesdon), J. S. Powell and H. C. Neilson (Cambridge), and the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe (Worplesdon) playing in the foursomes of the Worplesdon v. Cambridge battle. The Worplesdon pair won by one hole

A New Tournament: The Addington Foursomes

Lt.-Col. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon and Sandy Herd beat E. F. Storey and A. Dailey in the first round of the Addington Foursomes at the 21st hole after a great fight. These amateur-and-professional Foursomes have been organised by Brig.-Gen. Critchley

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

I HAVE been spending a much-needed holiday partly in Sussex and partly in the North of Scotland. Unfortunately, the Sussex part of the rest, as far as golf was concerned, was marred by the continued presence of the mountains, but the latter part has done them ill, and me good, and I have been able to play as much golf as the stormy weather has permitted. I have spent the time revisiting Nairn.

I expected to see an improvement in Nairn, for since last summer, water has been laid on to every green, and burning summers no longer bring the usual apprehension to the Green Committee. I was in no way disappointed. Nairn has just enjoyed one of the hottest summers in the memory even of the oldest inhabitants, and there might have been some excuse for signs of bare patches on the greens, for Nairn is lucky to possess undulating slopes which make putting difficult but tremendously attractive, but which are apt to suffer more from the sun than greens of the lawn-tennis lawn variety. But there are remarkably few burnt patches; true, the fourth green has been taken up to be relaid, and on asking for an explanation, I was informed that the slopes have suffered so severely that they had to be removed. Now I can well understand that, in exceptional weather, a green may suffer exceptionally; and in this case, no doubt these slopes suffered from previous hot summers to such an extent that the grass died away beyond redemption. But I am told that the possibility of a recurrence of this trouble is to be avoided by relaying this green practically on the level; with this decision I entirely disagree.

IT is obvious that a flat green to a short hole mars the hole: the interest in the tee-shot is lessened, and after a good tee-shot the interest in the hole has ceased. The green of the short fourth at Nairn was very beautiful, and very difficult, without in any way being that unpleasant thing, "tricky"; the safe shot from the tee was the one which was hit a little too hard and finished at the far end of the green; but if you were cautious and followed this policy, you were left with a far more difficult approach putt than you would get from a well-played but more daring shot. It seems to me now that if the green is relaid more or less flat, a fairly certain three will be obtainable at this hole by merely playing a little too strongly from the tee. Of course, the reason given by the Green Committee is that, with a flatter green, it will be easy to keep the grass perfect on the green and risk no bare patches; but let me point out to the Green Committee that, with water laid on to the green, even with a summer such as we have just been through, bare patches will only accompany rank bad green-keeping. I must apologise to my readers for dwelling so long on this subject, but it is one on which I feel very strongly; the short fourth at Nairn is one of the finest short holes in the world, and I hate to see it spoilt without registering my protest. Let the Nairn Green Committee, before dealing with any more slopes, ponder on this curious fact: whereas Nairn is spending money to *remove* slopes on greens, clubs everywhere else in the world are spending money to *acquire* them. The flat tennis-lawn green is excellent for tennis, but darned uninteresting for golf.

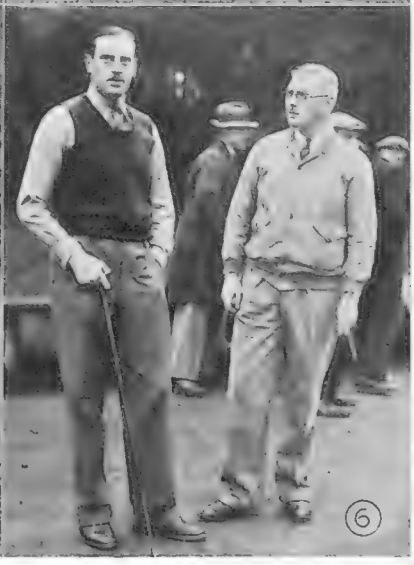
The Greens at Nairn

Otherwise, I am glad to say that the links at Nairn lived up to the great reputation which it possesses in my own mind. I do really think that Nairn is one of the most delightful golf-courses of Scotland, which is saying a tremendous lot. I most strongly recommend any of my readers who may be visiting the North of Scotland to pay a visit to Nairn and sample the course for themselves. And, if any of you may happen to be in the vicinity during August of next year, enter for the Open Tournament, and see what fun a well-run Northern Tournament can be.

AS I write, the amateur-professional partnerships are battling for the Addington Foursomes, the new tournament organised by General Critchley for Mr. Abercrombie, of the Addington Club. This is to be the first celebration of what, it is hoped, will become an annual event; there should be no doubt of that. General Critchley has already done a very great deal for both amateur and professional golf in this country, and here is but another indication that he intends to continue. His keenness is really remarkable, and he deserves well of those—and they are innumerable now—to whom he has given opportunities either of playing or of watching golf. This latest idea is one of his very best, for the amateurs will benefit enormously, and, after all, the professors derive a good deal of useful competitive practice as well. This year there was very little time in which to organise and advertise the tournament, but a most encouraging entry was received, and I have no doubt at all that, with each year, the event will become bigger and assume greater importance until, one day, it may well become a sort of Open Foursomes Championship. I am very sorry indeed that I myself have missed it this year. I shall certainly see to it that I do not miss it next.

Singles and Four-Balls

The Household Brigade at Worplesdon and the Stoke Better-Ball Competition



The Household Brigade's Autumn Meeting

(1) Captain T. G. Lindsay, who won the eclectic competition over nine holes with a score of 28, and Major-General C. J. C. Grant; (2) Captain W. G. Horton, Captain G. F. R. Hirst, who tied with the Prince of Wales for the National Playing Fields Challenge Cup, and A. H. Porter; (3) R. T. Lee and Raymond Quilter; (4) J. E. Harrison and D. Fisher Rowe, who tied with Sir G. Palmer and Sir A. Mildmay in the four-ball competition against bogey; (5) Lord Dalrymple and H. D. Tweeddie; (6) L. Grayson and R. Durham-Mathews

The Golf Balls of Stoke (Right)

(7) P. W. L. Risdon and F. Ricardo, the winners, defeated (8) H. N. Clapham and W. H. Bermingham by 4 and 2 in the final round; (9) Eric Martin Smith and H. C. Longhurst were beaten in the third round; (10) so were W. C. Carr and C. D. Gray; (11) F. W. Tate and A. S. Anderson were beaten in the semi-finals by the ultimate winners; (12) N. C. Selway and Allan Cave were knocked out in the third round by the runners-up; (13) the Hon. F. G. Calthorpe and Captain A. C. Giles were beaten by the winners in the third round; (14) H. S. Malik and H. B. Gray Edwards were the fourth pair of semi-finalists

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

A Regular on the Geneva Route

A photograph of Mr. Anthony Eden and his wife at Victoria Station. Mr. Eden must know the London-Geneva journey by heart now—he will be doing the journey again this week, to attend the adjourned meeting of the Bureau of the Disarmament Conference

A Candidate in His Mother-in-Law's Constituency

Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby greeting some of the guests at the reception Lady Astor gave for them at Plymouth. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, who is now the prospective candidate for Rutland, married Lady Astor's daughter in the summer

BACK to work again, though only to finish the doings of the session, instead of starting off, bright and fresh, on a new one. Some say it is excellent for cooling off the ardour of those Members who have spent the last few weeks of their holidays among their disgruntled constituents; others say the pot must simmer before it boils and the pundits can get to know which way the steam is blowing. Anyhow, we do begin a new session on the twenty-first, and after that the Unemployment Insurance Bill will occupy us, so far as we can see into the dim and distant future, till Christmas.

BEFORE the twenty-first we shall have minor scraps on a good many subjects, including Disarmament. There are a multitude of counsellors only too anxious to advise the Government on its foreign policy. Unfortunately, they agree amongst themselves only on their replacement programme. The truth is that while Sir John Simon would be admirable in many of the other offices of the Crown, he is not suited, by temperament or training, to the Foreign Office.

THE day after the débâcle of Germany's departure from Geneva, Lady Astor, so the story is told, who never minds saying what most of us hardly dare to think, put a pretty pertinent question to the Prime Minister before all her assembled guests, who included at least one Ambassador and other distinguished foreigners. The Prime Minister didn't feel constrained to reply. His old weakness suddenly overtook him. He felt tired and ill; he covered his face with his hands and he cried out for lunch. But it was all very uncomfortable while it lasted. And Sir John remains Foreign Secretary.

NEITHER he nor Mr. Anthony Eden can complain of any lack of publicity. They have been the principal news items during the "Silly Season." Sir John's smile, which must have terrified many a jury in its time, has greeted us from the picture-papers weekly throughout the holiday. Mr. Eden has gradually revealed to us the extent of his wardrobe. One could almost judge the state of affairs by what he was wearing.

I WAS asked the other day how much value there is to the politician in personal publicity—photographs of the Member romping with his children, missing a putt on the golf-course, bathing in the lily-pond, and so on. I am afraid I don't know, but Lord Weymouth's opinion would be worth having. Some Members get it reflected from their wives—Sir Adrian Baillie, for instance, whose constituents in Linlithgowshire must have thrilled at reading of Lady Baillie's gambling exploits in Monte Carlo. They were adequately reported.

WHAT else of importance has been happening during the holidays? Members have had plenty of time to spend in their constituencies. Some have been hard at it, sowing that they may reap when the harvest comes in 1936 (or sooner). The industrial seats are not the havens of rest they might be. Mr. Boothby 's all right. He can trust Aberdeen to do its duty, and it is rumoured he has been spending his well-earned leisure in making money for himself and Sir Philip Sassoon. Captain Crawford Greene has flown to Australia.

THERE have been the usual missions to the (as usual) more outlandish parts of Europe, which seem to accomplish little but getting their photograph into the *Times* on the morning they leave. The exodus to Austria this year assumed amazing proportions. Colonel T. C. R. Moore made a speech in Vienna on the pacification of Europe. He gave an interview; he was written-up; he talked of the victor's obligations to disarm and Treaty revision. It was all most impressive.

THE Party Conferences came and went. While it lasted, the Conservative Conference at Birmingham was far more exciting than the Socialist gathering at Hastings. The big India debate did come off; the curtain failed to rise on Sir Stafford Cripps's battle with the Socialist G.H.Q. But the effect of Hastings has been and will be much the more lasting. The pigeon-holes of the Conservative Central Office bulge, but Sir Stafford Cripps has handed his Party's opponents, if they have the wits to seize it, a first-class cry for the next election.

LORD LLOYD has been gradually coming to the forefront of the picture. People in obscure parts of England ask questions about him—who he is, and what he is, and what he is up to. The first two are easily answered; the third, could Lord Lloyd answer it himself? Perhaps he will at the Savoy later this month, when he is entertained to dinner by the *English Review*. The *English Review* in some respects has been Lord Lloyd's mouthpiece. Its Editor has ideas. He once flirted with Lord Lymington's *Mistery*. He now dabbles with this corporate State business, a euphemism for Fascist tyranny.

I HAVE never known a Parliamentary vacation so rich in rumours. Lord Lloyd's new Party is on the verge of birth. Its philosophy is a resuscitation of Toryism; its programme, the restitution of its rights. Lord Lloyd and Mr. Churchill (a volcanic alliance at its best) have broken apart, and Lord Salisbury, I am told, has taken great pains, on the India Committee, to dissociate himself from Mr. Churchill. Then Mr. Baldwin is believed to be contemplating a counter-attraction in a Centre Party, with Mr. Hore-Belisha well to the fore but even busier in the background. Lord Hailsham, yet another rumour runs, is working out a plan for the reform of the House of Lords. It is to be no complicated measure, but a simple amendment of the Parliament Act of 1911. There is much blockage to be cleared first, but undoubtedly there is more in it than will meet the eye. The principal objection to a Prime Minister in the Upper House might, for example, disappear.

IT will be a long time before the East Fulham by-election is forgotten and forgiven. There have been severe recriminations all round. The universal question is how Mr. Waldron came to be chosen as candidate. His qualifications were not apparent. The Government's own conclusion is that the National ticket was ignored, and a pure Party fight must mean disaster. But why blame Mr. Waldron for that? Where was the co-ordinating Committee that was to incubate Conservative, Liberal, and National Labour into a glorious hybrid?

LORD WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY is fighting Rutland. He is twenty-six, the son of Lord Ancaster, the son-in-law of Lady Astor. He is a strong supporter of the Government. What else is in his favour? He used to ride in steeplechases; very well, too.

Combe Court, Chiddingfold, which lies in one of the most attractive and unspoilt bits of Surrey, was Mr. George Pinckard's wedding present to his daughter when she married the Hon. Jock Leslie last year

"Young Marrieds" in the Country

The Hon. Jock and Mrs. Leslie at Combe Court

The Hon. Jock and Mrs. Leslie have been living at Combe Court since their marriage, in 1932. Mr. Leslie, who is twenty-four, is the Earl of Rothes' only brother; his wife is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Pinckard. Mr. Pinckard was Master of the Chiddingfold Hounds for eight years, and during the war ran a remount depot on part of his Surrey estate. There is some good pheasant shooting at Combe Court, for which the Leslies will probably be entertaining this month

Every well-trained house in the country has one or two places around it which ask to have photographs taken there. The garden and grounds at Combe Court are full of places like that, and in the photograph above Mr. and Mrs. Leslie have obviously chosen one of the best of them

Photographs by Miss Compton Collier

SQUASH

The International Sportsmen's Club ladies' squash team, who were defeated by four events to one in their match against Queen's last week: Mrs. C. Lewis, Mrs. E. S. Barrett, Mrs. McKechnie, Mrs. J. B. Pittman (captain), and Mrs. J. Winser

What Can A Girl Do These Days?

What Can't She?

ART

Above: Miss Eileen Robey, Mr. George Robey's daughter, hanging one of the pictures in her exhibition, which opened at the Cooling Galleries in Bond Street last Tuesday

Left: Miss Diana Caldwell, Mr. Douglas Brown, and Miss Betty Somerset run the "Blue Goose," a cocktail club in Bruton Mews. They were photographed at a cocktail-party they gave not long ago in the wine vaults of a city firm in Lombard Court

Below: Miss Anne Casson, Sybil Thorndike's daughter, demonstrates that girls mustn't forget to be domestic sometimes; she is having a cooking lesson from Mr. Van den Berken at his cookery school in Berkeley Square

Sasha

NIGHT LIFE

SPORT OF KINGS

Hunting represents, on this page of suggested occupations for anxious débutantes, the great outdoor world where men are men and girls are nearly as good. Here are Miss Margaret Graham and Lady Elizabeth Annesley at the opening meet of the Co. Down Staghounds, at Derryboy

COOKERY NOOK

Dave and Dorothy Fitzgibbon, who are appearing at the Dorchester in the New York Midnight Follies. Dave Fitzgibbon used to dance with Jean Barry, and they appeared together in several Cochran shows. His new partner is his sister, who was the Marx Brothers' leading lady in "Animal Crackers"

• STANDING • BY...

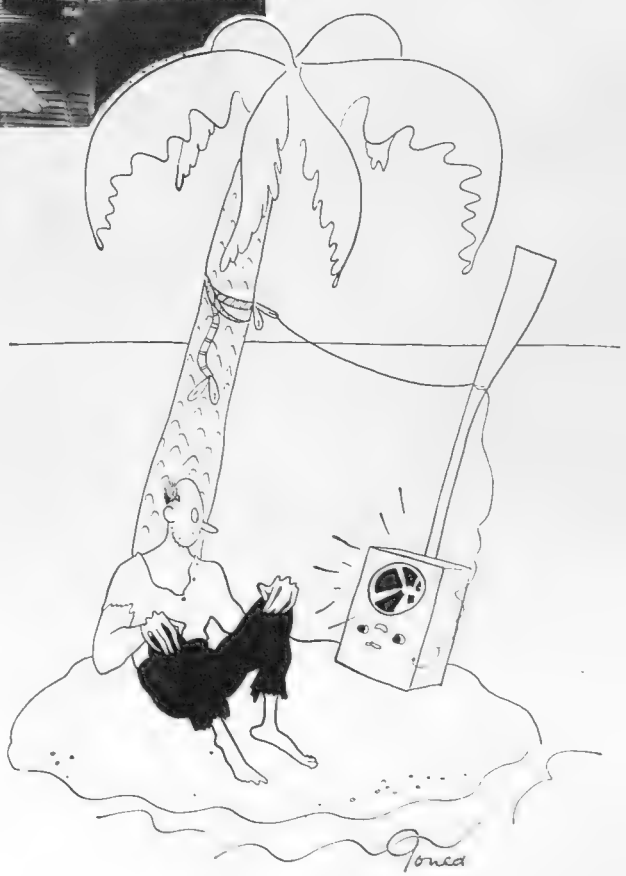
A Weekly Commentary on This and That

By "THE BYSTANDERS"

As far as we can remember, we had no very good reason for being in Wardour Street the other night, but it would be futile to deny that we were, in fact, walking along it in a southerly direction, when we saw the sight which we think it only right to record here and now. We caught sight of a first-floor window, largely, we estimate, because an unearthly green light was emanating from it; and, so far as we can remember, this is the first time we 've ever seen a window in Wardour Street emanating anything of the kind. Framed in the window was a young man in a white coat, who was bending over something which we could not see, but from the look on his face we guess it must have been pretty interesting. Perched on the left-hand shoulder of the young man was a large parrot, engaged in pulling his hair. The young man was blonde, so we guess he 's an Aryan, in which case the Fascists will doubtless leave him alone. Beyond that we 're not prepared to commit ourselves. If we could only get away with it we wouldn't commit ourselves at all, any time, anywhere. If you 're as interested as we were, you won't give the matter another thought.

We 're none too proud of the fact that we never shave ourselves, but always have it done in a shop we like off Regent Street. But it 's a fact. Friday we were in one of our statistical moods so we asked the barber if he 'd ever kept count of the number of men he 'd shaved in a year: barber said no, but he 'd once done it for a fortnight and then thought snooker-pool would be a better game. We pressed him to tell us the number, which turned out to be as near 150 as makes no matter. In the stop-press space of our *Daily Herald*, which happened to be blank that morning, we worked out that his yearly figure,

Vladimir Rosing, the famous Russian tenor, rehearsing for one of his concerts and being accompanied by his son Val, who has become well known on the wireless and as a "crooner"



"... shall not possess a valve, crystal, fixed or portable set without a licence"

THESPÆANS

No. 6.—Dame Madge Kendal

"YOU should never discuss a lady's age"
My governess oft told me,
So I will not allude upon this page
To how old Madge Kendal be,
But take it from me, though her years are long
A vigorous soul is she,
And few are as active, as bright and strong
As Kendal, D.B.E.

Although on the boards she is no more seen,
It 's palpably plain to see
That the rôle of a passively calm "has-been"
Does not in the least degree
Appeal to her nature, for she enjoys
This mad world of '33,
Whilst strafing the foibles of girls and boys,
Does Kendal, D.B.E.

Our masculine women and feminine men
She trounces with youthful glee,
And only breaks off to attack, now and then,
The flabby in brain and knee.
As Corrector of Youth she 's never a bore,
And that is the reason we
Have more than a sneaking affection for
Our "youngest" D.B.E.

B. W.

Corin

Ernest Peirce

The well-known stage director, painting in Cornwall, where he lately produced Shakespeare in the open air. He is the only theatrical producer who is at the same time an artist of sufficient importance to have a one-man show in Bond Street. This will be held at the Greatorex Galleries at a date to be announced later

allowing for a fortnight's holiday, would be as near 3750 as would make no matter to him. He told us (his name 's Fred) that he 'd been in the business twenty years come next Lady Day. So he 's actually shaved—*you* work it out this time: our pencil 's broken. He says things have changed for the bad since he was a boy: there 's too much of this hygiene about and a peck of dirt never hurt anybody. And he doesn't think a thing of safety razors. He does admit, however, that the quality of detective stories has improved with the years. He likes Dorothy Sayers and he wishes he knew who Francis Iles was. We told him, because we happen to know the man. So if *you* want to know, go ask Fred.

NANCY CUNARD asked us to a party last week to christen a splendid great book she 's edited, called *Negro*. If any of you missed the party, we 're sorry for you, but she has so many friends that it gave us an idea that you all must have been there. It was a swell party. When we came out of the restaurant where it was still going on, we were accosted by three little girls collecting for Guy Fawkes' Day. Our head was buzzing with fine repartee, so we excused ourselves from contributing by saying that we were Roman Catholic, and thought a whole lot of Guy Fawkes. Imagine our astonishment at the little girls saying: "Shake; so are we." We shook, and handed over sixpence, feeling we 'd met our match. If we 'd met any others, we 'd have said we were Communist and it 'd have been a great deal better if the whole gang had gone up in smoke. But that was before the Fulham election: now we intend to go and watch the Prime Minister's face when Mr. Wilmot appears in the House for the first time. We have a profound belief that, for the first time for years, it will express something other than complacency. But perhaps the wind changed when he first wore his present look, and it may be too late to alter it. Will let you know if you 're interested. Drop us a line.

Walter Bird

Jeanne Aubert

The leading lady in "Command Performance," at the Saville Theatre, who is appearing also at the Monseigneur after supper. Her legs are insured for an even greater sum than Mistinguett's

AMERICAN women are nothing if not tenacious, according to our information. We know one who 's just sailed for home who gave a cocktail-party the other day. On the same afternoon she called a cab and said, "Drive to a wine-shop." On being informed that she couldn't have any drink until it was time for the party to begin, she declined to be intimidated, but asked a policeman if he could tell her where she might buy out-of-hours. Policeman told her, and she drove around, but the illegal store had no sherry, and it was on sherry that her heart was set. She took two bottles of gin to comfort her; and drove to Fortnum and Mason. Now, although we 've never met either Fortnum or Mason, we 're glad to extend a hand to them, so we 'll just say that F. and M. took her money and promised to have the sherry on her doorstep at opening-time. They did, but by that time we 'd gotten well into the gin, and it was the best bootleg gin we 've ever had. We think our London police are wonderful; particularly those who pester innocent booksellers into parting with a copy of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* by pretending they 're Army officers who want to know about life. We think it 's pretty British to wear down the man's respect for the law by attrition, and then run him in. Steward, our stag-hunting tweeds, and make it snappy!

CHRISTOPHER STONE showed us his "fan" mail the other day. He gets a lot of calendars and once he got a wooden golliwog, but he doesn't remember why. He tells us the "fan" mail habit is growing in this country and that all the radio boys get it. He doesn't know why. Nor do we. We wrote a "fan" letter once, when we were fourteen, to a chorus-girl. We were in Algiers at the time, so we felt pretty safe. She answered it, and that frightened us so

Below: Young King Cole, better known as Cole Porter, the young composer and lyric-writer, who composed the entire score for "Nymph Errant," and who is setting to music the lyrics for "Gay Divorce," in which Fred Astaire and Claire Luce are appearing at the Palace Theatre

Young King Cole

much we never wrote another. In later years we met her at a party and were so impressed we gave her our copy of the first edition of *Ulysses*. We wouldn't do anything so silly now: we 'd just sell it and have a good time. Once we got a "fan" mail ourselves. We 'd broadcast about films, and in the course of our remarks had constantly begun sentences with the words "I don't think. . . ." Our "fan" mail was an anonymous postcard from Burton-on-Trent, saying: "Dear Sir,—There 's no need to say 'I don't think' so often: it 's obvious. Yours faithfully, A Licensed Listener." We took that man's words to heart: that 's why we 're so successful. We like being successful: it arouses the worst in our enemies.

FOR the following hint we are deeply grateful to the *Daily Herald*, in whose little daily health corner, written by a "physician," we lamped the following: "To avoid chills, the patient should, if possible, move to a warm climate and live a quiet life, free from worry and with just enough work not to cause fatigue." We think that 's a swell idea. We hope we may, without overstepping the rather narrow bounds of impertinence which we allow ourselves, recommend it to the *Herald's* 2,000,000 readers. We recommend it especially to unemployed workers, who will, no doubt, prefer the Riviera to Newcastle or Barrow, and who will find it less worrying to sit on the terraces of Monte Carlo than to stand in a queue at the Labour Exchange. We wouldn't have you think we 're bitter: we 're not; we 're grateful to the *Daily Herald* for putting the idea in our heads; and we do not fail to recognise that the operative words are "if possible." If they weren't we 'd be a patient ourselves in no time. But we wouldn't live in Monte Carlo. We used to do that when we were working for an American newspaper. Our editor cabled us to interview Basil Zaharoff, but when we actually saw the old man he pretended to be dumb, after he 'd said "Nice day" to us. We 've often wondered since whether that was a question or a statement. We think we 'll stop wondering right now and will never give the man another thought.

THE BYSTANDERS.

Debenham

The Tudor Wench

Left: there were so many wenches in Tudor times—a fashionable period for plays and films, nowadays—that it is necessary to add that the picture on the left is of Mollie Hartley-Milburn as Catherine Parr, who is being carried off to bed by her husband, Sir Thomas Seymour, after looking upon the wine when it was red, in a play called "The Tudor Wench," by Elswyth Thane, produced at the Embassy Theatre

Tunbridge

Hella Kurty

Playing in "Nymph Errant," at the Adelphi Theatre. She is a Viennese actress whose previous performance in London was as the Chinese Princess, with Richard Tauber, in "The Land of Smiles"

Sasha

Charles Higham Junior Dorothy Wilding

Son of Sir Charles Higham, the well-known publicist, who organised the first battalion of volunteers at the outbreak of war, and was the author of many Government appeals for men and money

Sedbergh press home a last-minute attack and score a try just before time in their match against Loretto, which was played in Yorkshire; the home side defeated the Scottish school by 23 points to nil

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Mainly About Half-Backs

THINGS keep quiet in the Rugby world. The unbeaten clubs are unbeaten no longer; the great players nurse their greatness against the coming Trial matches. No brilliant tactician has arisen among the captains: the game remains solid, stolid and thoroughly enjoyable for all except the disinterested spectator. And the disinterested spectator is not really very important, though there have been suggestions—glory be! such suggestions!—that a knock-out tournament should be organised among the clubs to attract public attention.

Well, we needn't worry about that sort of nonsense, though I can picture the Rugby Union authorities pushing their bowler hats back off their fevered brows, and scratching their heads dolefully at the thought that their outlook on the game should be so sadly misunderstood. In the meanwhile, what is happening? What is the talk of Twickenham?

To begin with, they are still trying to find a stand-off half for England, and a mighty difficult job it is. I suppose D. Meadows, of Gloucester, is as strongly in the running as anyone, despite the inexperience which lands him in all sorts of trouble when he comes up against crafty skirmishers, like Eric Coley of Northampton. A useful player, Meadows, and at present there are few rivals indeed. Fortunately, the scrum-half position will be easily filled, for B. C. Gadney, of Leicester, is in amazingly good form this year. A first-rate judge of the game said to me the other day that Gadney is every bit as good as C. A. Kershaw; and Kershaw was the best scrum-half we 've had since the war by a very long way.

Up to a point, Gadney resembles Kershaw: he has the strength which makes it possible for him to break irresistibly from the scrummage—do you remember those sudden electrifying bursts which carried Kershaw twenty yards through the defence, and sent someone over for a try? And Gadney, this year, has filled out enormously: he's the ideal build for international football. There 's one point, though, where, in my opinion, Kershaw remains unassailable—those amazingly fast, long passes from the scrummage which gave W. J. A. Davies the extra split-second and the extra yard for his manœuvres. Gadney's passes are not bullet-like yet, but that may come, and the rest of his game is so sound that it would be ungrateful to criticise him.

TALKING of half-backs, how unfortunate it is for Oxford that K. L. T. Jackson, their Scottish stand-off, should have fractured a wrist. He may be able to play in the 'Varsity match, but it is doubtful, and, anyway, it would be a risk, not only because he might be unfit, but because it is always a dangerous thing to upset the combination of the back division by introducing a player at the last moment, however brilliant an individualist he may be. And, to add to Oxford's troubles, Cambridge appear to have discovered a stand-off half of very considerable promise.

This is C. W. Jones, of Llandovery, a swift and elusive player; and with Wooller, Dick, Johnston and Fyfe behind him, the Cambridge attack shapes alarmingly well. The forwards at the moment, though, have not settled down to hard scrummaging, a very necessary penance if they are to make the best use of their backs.

Oxford, on the other hand, show signs of producing a rattling good pack, if I may judge by the way they stood up to the redoubtable Newport scrummagers. It is true that they took a severe hammering from the Portsmouth Services pack, but then the Services have a grand bunch of forwards this year. J. W. Forrest is in his old battering-ram form again, and with him are such tough gentlemen as A. Boast, and A. Vaughan-Jones.

BY the way, Dominion players are to the fore this year. One of the best Oxford forwards is J. H. Pienaar, the South African; and J. M. McShane, from Sydney University, seems likely to get his Blue at scrum-half. Then G. S. Sturtridge, an Australian stand-off half who played recently for Australia against South Africa, is putting new life into Rosslyn Park; and two more Australians, L. Gee, a centre, and G. Bland, a forward, are turning out for Blackheath. This is all to the good, for these players may bring new ideas into the game over here, and we need them badly enough.

As a matter of fact, I thought I noticed the glimmering of a new idea when Cardiff were playing Blackheath last week. Maurice Turnbull, the Cardiff scrum-half, several times ran with the ball, close to the scrummage, and passed to a bunch of forwards who had backed him up as if the manœuvre were deliberate. It may have been chance, but it looked like an attempt to break through in mid-field by shock tactics, or at least to draw the defence inwards and make attack on the wings possible. This was interesting, and might be developed, though in this match the Blackheath back-row forwards were very much on the alert, and the movement was drastically checked.

Still, Turnbull is obviously an intelligent scrum-half. I saw him send the defence off on the wrong foot by swinging to the right as if he intended to pass out that way, whereas he pivoted round entirely on his heel, and gave a short pass to his stand-off half, who was sprinting all out to the left. We could do with more manœuvres of that kind, but I have 'nt seen the scissors movement attempted once this season yet. Indeed, I've seen very little football above the ordinary level, but there's time yet—we 're hardly into our stride.

G. S. Wilson, the Manchester captain, well and truly collared in the Manchester v. London Scottish match at Richmond. The visitors played a hard game, but were beaten by 13 points to 3, neither side being able to score in the second half of the game

Billie Burns

You Boys Ought to Look at "Les Girls"

Photographs by Sasha

Evelyn Crowell

Miss Evelyn Crowell is the only widow in the orchidaceous troupe of American lovelies imported to London by the Dorchester Hotel. Miss Crowell reads André Maurois and Edna Ferber, but prefers Schopenhauer

Heads, hearts, homes, and bank balances are all "vulnerable" while "Les Girls" are dancing at the Dorchester; they came, were seen, and conquered in London just the way they did at Monte Carlo. Officially, they are known as the New York Midnight Follies of 1933. The five samples in the photograph below are Evelyn Crowell, Jean Audrey, Virgil Dodd, Hilda Knight, and Betty Hamilton

Left: Virgil Dodd

Left : Tom Walls and Ralph Lynn at their old games in the film-version of one of the most popular of the Aldwych shows—"A Cuckoo in the Nest"—which started its run at the New Gallery last week. Tom Walls directed the film, which somewhat lacks American slickness and speed

Below : a scene from another old theatre favourite, remodelled for the screen. Janet Gaynor has been chosen to play Paddy, which she does with charm, but without much vitality. Warner Baxter plays opposite her

"A Cuckoo in the Nest"

"Paddy the Next Best Thing"

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

"The Private Life of Henry VIII."

PREMIÈRES at the Leicester Square Theatre are becoming affairs when social luminaries are illuminated by searchlights as they enter the den of theatrical lions. The opening of *The Private Life of Henry VIII.* provided a list of celebrities as varied as it was impressive. The discomfort of having to leave your car or cab some way from the theatre and push and be pushed in an excited mob in order to attain your reserved seats apparently whets the appetite for the pictorial feast to follow, but it does, perhaps, like other modern *apéritifs*, tend to dull the critical palate.

After degustation of the "brilliance" of the audience, one may, perhaps, ask "What of the picture?" Since Charles Laughton is doubly a king—on stage and screen—it is probably high treason to say that his Henry VIII. lacks the subtle, insinuating characterisation of some of his previous performances. Physically, he may be every inch the Tudor monarch, but mentally he falls short of the heights and depths of that extraordinary personality. He is dominating without being regal, persuasive without omnipotence.

True, the figure of the King, burly and big-voiced, dwarfs even the décor when he is photographed in characteristic, wide-legged stance, filling an arched doorway or as centre-forward among the supporting team; but mere bulk is not greatness, and Laughton certainly misses an opportunity one thought he alone could and would have made the most of, by his banal handling of Henry's breakdown in the Council chamber on learning of his "sweet" Catherine Howard's infidelity. If the picture was to be more than an exhibition of Charles Laughton, the Queens should have been clearly differentiated. The only one who is a recognisable entity is Elsa Lanchester, curiously cast as Anne of Cleves, of bucolic build and humour, while this clever actress is her antithesis; but she puts the part in italics, and her individual decorativeness is a relief from the mere martyred prettiness of Merle Oberon as Anne Boleyn and Binnie Barnes as Catherine Howard.

The background and costumes give the picture a pictorial richness, and Korda's direction is always polished; but it is episodic to the point of being fragmentary.

"Father Noah's Ark"

ALSO at the Leicester Square there is possibly the most brilliant and amusing of Walt Disney's Silly Symphonies—impossible to describe but crammed with his ingenious rhythm and witty invention; also a Mickey Mouse picture called *Puppy Love*, not quite so good as some, but still infinitely better than any other cartoon films.

"A Cuckoo in the Nest"

THE old Aldwych troupe are all frightfully funny in their own particular way and their own indiscriminate complications, whereby a series of accidents puts everyone in an uncomfortable situation, whether it is the usual "only bedroom," a broken-down car or a leaking and dilapidated taxi. There is Ralph Lynn, more supremely vacuous than ever, Yvonne Arnaud, compromised and compromising in her best staccato manner, Tom Walls alcoholatically pacific, but only making matters worse. Children and simple people adore the old familiar farces.

"Paddy the Next Best Thing"

THEN there is Janet Gaynor once more, as Janet Gaynor. There is a thin attempt at disguise by means of an Irish brogue (to go with the Irish setting), but it would not deceive a Gaynor fan for a moment. She is a little more sprightly and less wistful nowadays, but one senses the *sweetness* which underlies her sparkle and, after all, so many people prefer Asti Spamantic to Champagne *extra sec*! Warner Baxter brings his sleek assurance and winning smile to the Emerald Isle, and previous experience of what happens when he and Janet get together on the screen relieves one of any undue apprehension as to which of the two sisters he will "wed"!

"Southern Maid"

THIS is one of the pictures which Bébé Daniels made while she was in England. She does this sort of thing supremely well—singing and dressing and fascinating, in the accepted musical-comedy-Spanish manner, and she looks lovely. Clifford Mollison is an excellent foil, and Lupino Lane very active as a completely (and intentionally) ridiculous Spaniard. Harry Welchman, as a jealous and jilted grandee, is outmoded. In spite of gaiety, melody and romance, *Southern Maid* lacks something of verve and hilarity. A return to the cutting-room would probably improve it.

Beauty is Beauty—Grave or Gay

Miss Toto Koopman in Different Moods

Two photographs of one of London's most attractive acquisitions from overseas: Miss Toto Koopman is of Dutch-Javanese extraction, and is well known on the Continent for her good looks and her chic, which is true Parisian in its quality. She has been over here for some time now, and is just starting her film career

Photographs by Sasha

Loretta Young

Loretta Young brunette and Loretta Young blonde is hardly recognisable as the same person. Among her latest films is "Midnight Mary," with Ricardo Cortez; it has not been shown here yet

Vilma Banky

Vilma Banky was last seen in London in "The Rebel," some months ago. The smaller photograph shows how she looked then. She is the wife of Rod la Roque

Brunettes i

When Hollywoo They All

Camilla Horn

Camilla Horn is so typically a Nordic blonde that it's almost a shock to know she was ever dark-haired. She is making films over here now—played opposite Geng Gerrard in "The Love Nest," and may be going into a spy-story called "The Secret Agent"

Bébé Daniels

Joan Crawford

Here are two views of Joan Crawford, who, curiously enough, is really red-haired. She has just made "The Dancing Lady," in which Fred Astaire appears for the first time on the screen

Bébé Daniels' latest part is in "The Southern Maid," just completed, and she's a blonde Mexican. She has just left for Hollywood with her husband, Ben Lyon, but comes back in the Spring

ıto Blondes

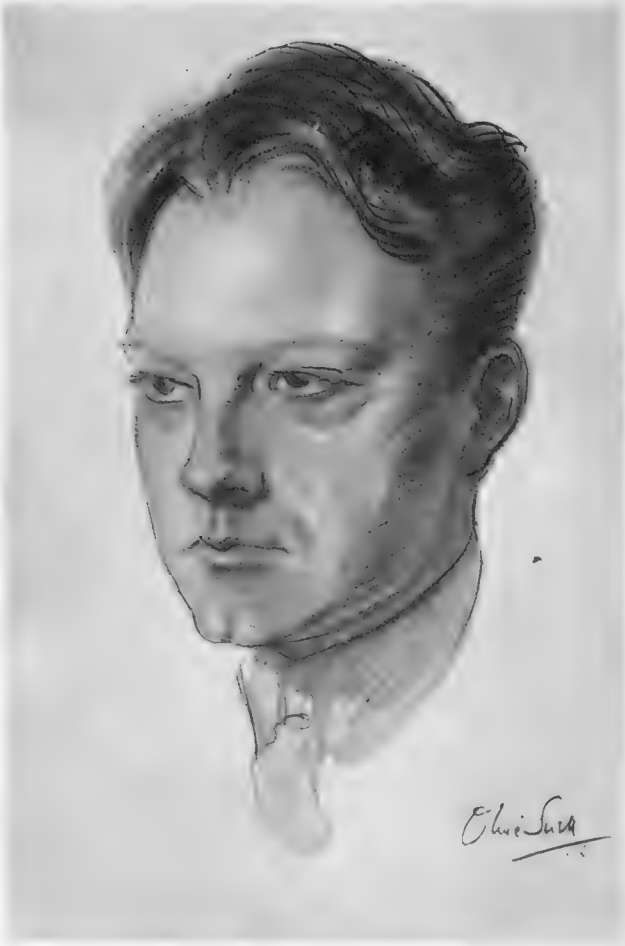
l said "Turn"
Turned

The last of the brunette-into-blonde series is Ruth Chatterton, who made the change-over before some of the others. "Female," in which she is again playing with her husband, George Brent, is being trade-shown this week, and will be starting its London run before long

Ruth Chatterton

Vladimir Horowitz

The famous Russian pianist, gave a recital last Friday at the Queen's Hall, before leaving for his provincial tour. When that is over, he goes to America to play, for the second season running, with Toscanini. His engagement to Miss Wanda Toscanini has just been announced



Henry Sullivan

A reproduction of Olive Snell's attractive portrait of Henry Sullivan, who wrote the music for the stage version of "Ballerina"

Music (and all That)

Pianists—Visiting and Resident

By "Melos"

THE chills of autumn have brought to London a crop of influenza colds and of eminent pianists. The former have tended to deprive the latter of audiences as large as they might, and should, have been. But they have done better than pianists of British-sounding names would have done in the Continental cities, in the improbable event of their ever being able to secure an engagement there.

I have found a comparison of their styles interesting. Walter Gieseking, who is an old favourite and who played at a recent "Phil," is a large man who pays meticulous attention to little things. He is a master of delicate detail, and is, therefore, supreme in Mozart; he played a Mozart concerto (an unfamiliar one) exquisitely. Yet he seems to lack personality; I have known far inferior pianists draw larger audiences, which suggests that showmanship is as necessary on the concert platform as it is behind the footlights.

Josef Hofmann has given a couple of recitals, and has played a Beethoven concerto with Dr. Adrian Boult as conductor. He is something of a veteran now, and there are many "tales of Hofmann" which I could tell. He is, beyond question, in the master class, and his technique is marvellous. If he has a fault it is that he is apt to become "technique conscious," and to emphasise his own virtuosity at the expense of the true spirit of the music.

BENNO MOISEIWITSCH can hardly be regarded as a visitor; he is so very much one of ourselves. His trump card is an impassive countenance. One of his hobbies is poker, and he preserves a poker-face at the piano. That is not to say that he is stodgy or his playing colourless. He has just put life into a tinkly and insincere Chopin concerto at the Queen's Hall, and his interpretation of the much more valuable B minor sonata of Chopin at the Palladium (on a non-"Crazy-month" day) was very fine indeed. In addition to poker and golf his hobbies are world-tours and the C minor (No. 2) concerto of Rachmaninoff.

The only criticism I can make of Mark Hambourg, also a resident, is that he does not play frequently enough in London. Mark Hambourg's playing is as human as the man himself. He can be magnificently leonine, and he is the best interpreter I know of Beethoven, whom he resembles facially. Another splendid Beethoven player is Frederick Lamond, a Scot who has spent much of his life in Germany.

HOROWITZ, one of the younger men, is a brilliant Russian who is much in the vogue. He has wide tastes, can cram his programme with almost anything, from Bach to Stravinsky, and can leap over difficulties as if they do not exist. Like Arthur Rubinstein, he takes a delight in them, but he has not Rubinstein's high spirits and sense of humour.

One of the greatest pianists of the Russian school is Rachmaninoff, though he is a trifle sombre. He practises eight hours a day, is supreme as the interpreter of his own music, and is also a lovely player of Chopin. He does not mind his famous Prelude in C sharp minor being "jazzed"; "I prefer it that way," he once said to me.

VERY Teutonic and thorough is Artur Schnabel, who has a following in this country which does not stop this side idolatry. There is a touch of pedantry about Schnabel, but that does not alter the fact that he is a very great player, even if it annoys those who are not Schnabel-olaters.

With all these pianists on tap, as it were, London should know something about how the piano should be played. There is no lack of form to study.

And if it is hardly a case here of place aux dames, Miss Harriet Cohen and Miss Myra Hess (who successfully tackled the stirring Brahms B flat concerto the other night) must not be omitted from this glittering list.

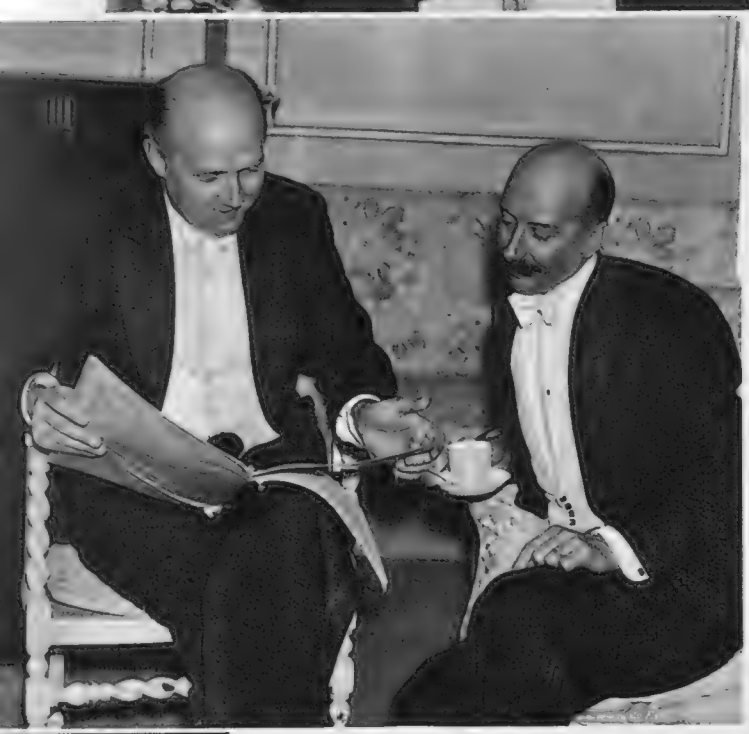
THE great chiefs of the war have most of them died. The war's song-writers also are passing. Mr. Bennett Scott died some time ago, and his brother, Mr. Maurice Scott, died last week.

The contributions to music of the Scott brothers were not very profound, but they had their qualities, and admirable qualities, too. They could think out a good swinging tune, which did not bear a conspicuous likeness—if a likeness at all—to other tunes. They caught the popular ear. And they avoided the maudlin and the over-sentimental. Maurice Scott's "Oh, It's a Lovely War" was a good song and had the humorous aspect on tragedy so typical of the Briton in times of disaster.

But their best work was written in collaboration, notably "Take Me Back to Dear Old 'Blighty,'" and a pleasant music-hall ditty, "Rings on Your Fingers and Bells on Your Toes." I only wish a quarter of our modern "popular" songs were as good as those of the Scotts.

A general view of the B.B.C. Orchestra, with Dr. Adrian Boult conducting; they were playing at the Queen's Hall during the second of their series of symphony concerts

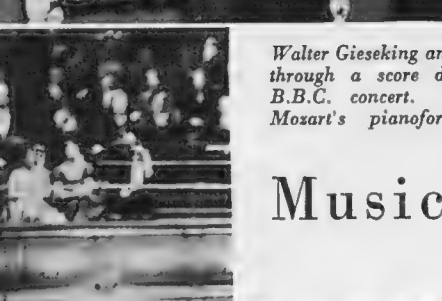
Arthur Catterall, who has been the leader of the B.B.C. Orchestra since 1929. He is also Professor of Violin at the R.A.M.



Walter Gieseking and Dr. Adrian Boult looking through a score during the interval at the B.B.C. concert. Walter Gieseking played Mozart's pianoforte concerto in B flat

Musical Occasions

A B.B.C. Concert and Tauber Singing Lieder



Left: the Queen's Hall, or part of it, as it looked on the night of the B.B.C.'s concert, the empty seats supporting the contention of those who say that there are too many symphony concerts nowadays

Above, right: Mr. John H. Richardson, who is the organiser of the London Lieder Club concerts

The London Lieder Club Concert

Highbrows who have cavilled at Richard Tauber's "singing to the gallery" were busy revising their opinions after hearing him at the first of the London Lieder Club's winter series of concerts. Above is a photograph of Tauber, taken during the concert, and also one of Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who was in the audience, being presented with a bouquet by Miss Iris Hoey; with them is Mrs. Augustin L. Ralli, the Vice-President of the Club

Mayfair's "Miss 1933"

Miss Primrose Salt At Home

Miss Primrose Salt seems to have been generally acclaimed as the débutante of 1933, and has consequently received as much attention and publicity as has been the habit to accord to social stars in this more sober year. She is the elder of Major-General and Mrs. H. F. Salt's two daughters

Above are Miss Primrose Salt and her eleven-year-old sister, Babette, who goes by the nickname of "Chimpey." Below are Mrs. Salt, at the piano, and her elder daughter, with a banjolele. They both appeared in the procession of Georgian beauties in the Georgian Ball last night

Mrs. H. F. Salt is a clever artist, and Miss Primrose Salt has inherited a good deal of her mother's talent and takes her painting really seriously. On the left, Mrs. Salt is finishing a portrait of her elder daughter

They're Musicians, too: Mrs. Salt and her Daughter

Miss Primrose Salt Sets a Good Example

Photographs by Swaebe

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

THESE two suits are made by Burberry with that excellence of cut for which this house is famous. The woman's suit is of night-blue burella flecked with grey and has gloves of the same material. The high-necked pull-over is of a contrasting colour. The man is wearing a navy-blue suit with a light blue pull-over and grey socks. These suits can be made to measure from ten guineas

F. J. Gutmann

(Left)

LILLYWHITES have a special department dealing with winter sports equipment and this is augmented at the moment by Miss Doreen Elliott, who will discuss ski-clothes and ski-slopes with all those who value the views of one of our most distinguished women runners. The smart ski-suit shown on the opposite page can be made to measure for seven-and-a-half guineas, the patterned Norwegian gloves cost 6/6, and the ski-sticks 11/6

(Right, Above)

H. J. NICOLL have a selection of the most dashing checked and patterned wool blouses, cut on mannish lines, which cost 37/6. This firm, apart from a large selection of woollen cardigans and pull-overs, also make ski-ing trousers to order from four guineas. At present a special collection of exclusive accessories for town and country wear is being shown daily

(Right, Below)

THE Alpine sports enthusiast must possess at least two pairs of absolutely reliable boots. Fortnum and Mason are justly famed for the quality of their leather and they make waterproof ski-ing boots in either chrome leather or grain calf for 77/6. These are British made and guaranteed for really hard wear. Their snow-boots cost 21/-

For the Alpine Enthusiast

KENNETH DURWARD are showing some very workmanlike and attractive leather blouses for winter sport's wear which vary in price from four to six guineas. The one sketched on the right is of rose-coloured suède and has a zip fastener and a neatly fitted waistbelt. Kenneth Durward also makes ski-ing trousers of good quality wool gaberdine, guaranteed snow-proof, to order from four guineas

JAEGER'S have recently opened a new department entirely devoted to clothes for ski-ing and Alpine sports. It is under the direction of Di Crewdson, whose expert advice will help you to decide which of the many attractive costumes you will choose. A charming one with a very gay blue wool blouse and ear-band is shown in the photograph below. The blouse costs 42/-; the trousers are from three-and-a-half guineas

F. J. Gutmann

The Finalists in the "Star" Ladies' Inter-Club Scratch Tournament, at Wentworth

The Berkshire team, who were the winners, and defeated the Royal Mid-Surrey team by 3 and 2; at the back, Miss B. Daniell, Miss Joan Barnes-Gorell, and Mrs. Mackintosh, and, in front, Mrs. Gallatly and Mrs. A. S. Matthews, the captain

The runners-up in the "Star" inter-club tournament at Wentworth were Royal Mid-Surrey. At the back are Mrs. Mellor, Miss D. Stanhope, Miss R. Rabbidge, and Miss Marsden; in front, Mrs. V. G. Davies and the captain, Mrs. J. S. Burn

Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

So much to tell you about this week, down round London, away in the West, and up in the North. The West, having the dignity of Championship attached, must come first, although I was not there to see. But one simply must congratulate Miss Vivian Bramwell on winning the South-Western Championship at Newquay, because there was a really good entry this year (except that Miss Beard was frying mixed fish up at Brocton instead of being at Newquay), and it was a great feather in Miss Bramwell's cap to beat the reigning Welsh Champion, Miss Jestyn Jeffreys, at the 20th.

NEAR town, the big events were the Middlesex Autumn Meeting, and the *Star* Tournament, and in both of them Miss Rabbidge was the important person, the heroine of the first, the tragedy Queen of the second. The Middlesex Meeting was at Fulwell, on a nasty, heavy sort of day, when good golf seemed something of an impossibility, until you saw what Miss Rabbidge and Miss Dix Perkin were making of it with 78 and 79 respectively. Miss Rabbidge was brilliance personified: a birdie 3 to start with, and then such flashes as a 2 at the 15th, a pitch out of the humps holed for a 3 at the 16th, and only a blade or two of grass between her and another 2 at the 18th. Miss Dix Perkin did get her 2 there, but she had been unlucky at the 17th, and had to be content with second place. Poor Miss Dix Perkin, her luck is out just now. The week-end before she had arrived up at Brocton Hall a week too early for the Open Mixed Foursomes; when she returned a week later, she went down with a very bad attack of tonsilitis, and so never played in them at all. And that was distressing indeed, for there was a rare good partner, Mr. J. S. Spence, waiting for her, and those Foursomes have such a cheery, country-house-party atmosphere that people hate to miss them.

To return to Fulwell. Scratch aggregate and handicap aggregates always make exciting moments at county autumn meetings; Mrs. John Fleming got home for the scratch and aggregate as well—very fine going; with Mrs. Guedalla second for the one, and Miss Dix Perkin for the other.

Up and Down

THE next Southern event was the *Star* Finals. They are always fun; a scratch match-play team tournament is, I suppose, just about the best form of golf possible, and when there are only five players in the team, everybody feels they are of supreme importance, which is always pleasant and flattering. Sometimes it can be distressing. Everybody at Wentworth felt desperately sorry for Mrs. Gordon Barry, with Berkshire and Camberley's fate depending on her match, the sides standing at two all. Mrs. Mackintosh got home 1 up in that trial of nerves—which was what it had resolved itself into—and so Berkshire qualified to meet Royal Mid-Surrey in the final, since Mid-Surrey had dealt harshly with Chigwell in the other semi-final. Chigwell had done splendidly to get so far, and then to be without Miss Dorrit Wilkins at their head was a nasty blow from Fate.

The final was one of the most spectacular I remember even this tournament ever producing. Mid-Surrey took the first match, Mrs. Davies standing up to a brilliant start from Miss Daniell, and thereafter outputting her, and playing all-round good golf, until she had won by 5 and 3. Miss Stanhope got home, too, by 3 and 2, from Mrs. Gallatly; Mrs. Mackintosh and Miss Barnes Gorell, on the other hand, had won for Berkshire, so here was all depending on Mrs. J. S. Matthews and Miss Rabbidge. This was where the tragedy came in for Miss Rabbidge. She had gone out in 38, and even so turned only 1 up; she was 2 up with 15 holes played. Then she began to go into bunkers, and bunkers are not those portions of the course where Miss Rabbidge has ever played her best shots. At the 16th she got out of one into bushes; at the 18th out of another into heather; and the long and short of it was that 2 up and 3 to go became all square, and the 19th to be faced. This time Miss Rabbidge recovered grandly from her bunker, but Mrs. Matthews ran down a great putt for a 4, and so Berkshire won by the odd match. Berkshire had only once before been in for the *Star* Tournament at all, and then Mid-Surrey beat them in an early round, so they were very much to be congratulated.

AFTER that, I hied me away up North, through some snow showers, and wondered if play was going to be possible at all at Brocton Hall. Bless your heart, we had quite reasonable weather; cold, to be sure, but on the day of the 36-hole final the sun was delicious, and the golf so good that it would have kept you warm on an iceberg. Fours was the multiple that represented winners' scores in the majority of matches, and I don't know when I have seen golf that impressed me more than that which Mr. Len Smith played in the final. He hardly competes out of the Midlands, but was runner-up in the Midlands Championship two years ago, and would, I am sure, go far in the Amateur.

Yet he and Miss Birkett did not win, because, in the final, they came up against Miss Mary Beard at something like her best (except for a little matter of pulled drives early in the day), and Mr. John Bloor, who hits the ball a very long way, and has an extremely pretty touch round the hole. In early rounds there was much good golf from Miss Aline Dobson and Mr. Fowkes, and Miss Josephine Hughes and Mr. Till, and one ought not to forget Mrs. Challen and Mr. Sievewright, who were the unsuccessful semi-finalists in company with Miss Dobson and Mr. Fowke.

But you must hear about the final, though no description can give you the delightful friendly atmosphere—trust Captain and Mrs. Todd to produce that at Brocton—or the really brilliant moments the golf had. Miss Beard was pitching and putting so well; Miss Birkett putted beautifully, and as for the men, I do not know whether Mr. Bloor deserves the higher praise for standing up to such a perfect exhibition as Mr. Smith gave, or Mr. Smith for giving it. Miss Beard's side was early 2 down, then square, then 2 up, then 1 up for lunch. Then 3 up, square again, and then away with something of a spurt to win 3 and 2. I should dearly like to see some of the Worplesdon tigers at Brocton next year, up against these pairs. They would enjoy themselves. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Sitwellian Satire and a Modern Struwelpeter

By A. G. Macdonell

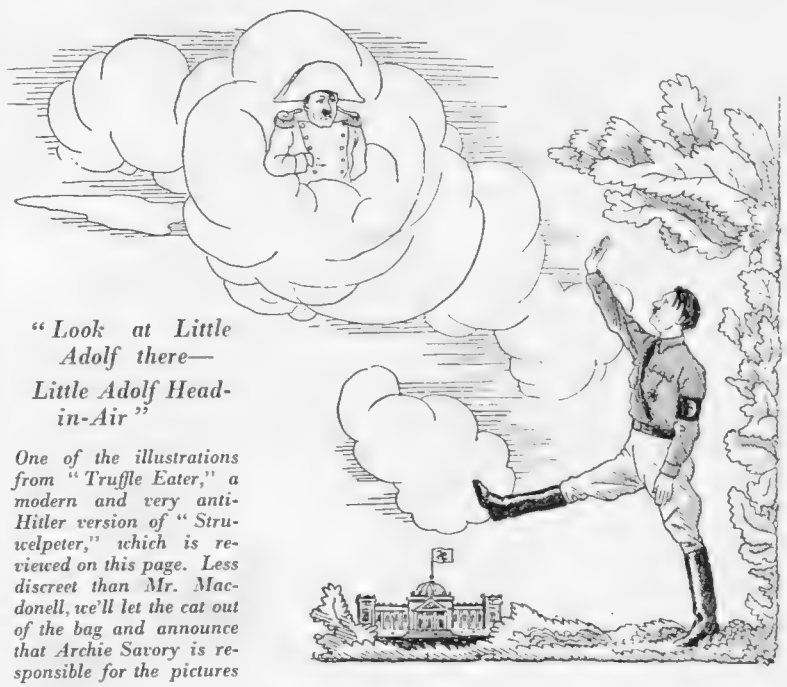
It is a great pity that so talented a family as the Sitwells should never seem able to live down their youthful exuberance. There are still a great many people who lift an elegant eyebrow and shrug a handsome shoulder at the mention of one or other of their names. Not nearly sufficiently is it realised that Mr. Osbert Sitwell is in the very front rank of living writers of English prose, and that, in addition, he is a poet, novelist, critic, satirist, and wit as well.

His new book, *Miracle on Sinai* (Duckworth; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a brilliant and ferocious bit of satire. One by one he takes the foibles and stupidities and conventions of the age, and fits each into a separate character, and then dumps all the characters into a hideous hotel in Palestine. Some of the men and women in the book are drawn with positive venom. Lord Pridian, the newspaper magnate, is one of them, with his passionate conviction that a very rich man who rattles off a machine-gun fire of questions and does not listen to the answers is an exact replica of the Emperor Napoleon.

Another is Birdie, Lady Ramshakkle, and another is her husband, the Major-General, who sits on Committees and is a Governor of the B.B.C. But the most bitter caricature of the lot is Eafelon, the novelist, the narrow, stooping, thinly-bearded, feeble, goat-like advocate of Violence and Rough-Stuff.

But every page contains satire and wit, and the descriptions of scenes and landscapes and buildings are Mr. Sitwell's poetical prose at its best. *Miracle on Sinai* has not the sympathetic kindliness of some of his earlier work. It glitters with a hard polish and scorn. But all connoisseurs of writing, and all who love a hearty laugh, must not let it escape them unread.

Miss Keown is a rare bird. She is a novelist whose second novel is even better than her first. *Mr. Thompson in the Attic* (Davies; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a beautiful and original piece of work. The character of the strange, poetical, eccentric schoolmaster is a lovely creation. The whole story is, of course, utterly fantastic, but the fantasy is more than half the charm. Mr. Thompson is a zoological genius of about fifty years old, who takes a position as a schoolmaster for no apparent reason, and by his gentleness and charm revolutionises the whole life of the school. Everyone loves him, boys, masters, headmaster, everyone except the headmaster's lovely young wife. Mr. Thompson falls deeply in love with her, but she will not even give him a farewell kiss when she sends him away, and he goes sadly away and disappears with a caravan of tinkers. But a brief and bare description cannot do justice to Miss Keown's skill and power. She has an important future before her as a novelist and poet.



"Look at Little Adolf there—Little Adolf Head-in-Air"

One of the illustrations from "Truffle Eater," a modern and very anti-Hitler version of "Struwelpeter," which is reviewed on this page. Less discreet than Mr. Macdonell, we'll let the cat out of the bag and announce that Archie Savory is responsible for the pictures

The up-to-date *Struwelpeter* is an audacious book. It is called *Truffle Eater* (by "Oistros"; Barker; 2*s.* 6*d.*), and it is a combined parody of that old classic and a venomous attack on Hitler and Hitlerism. It is all about Nazi murderings and beatings; about Heines, of Silesian fame; about Goebbels, who will persist naughtily, in striking matches "Till, as mother could have told him, Presently the Reichstag catches"; about the burning of books and the shooting of Nurse Cavell, and Goering screaming, "Take the Jews away, Take the nasty Jews away, I won't have any Jews to-day." The moral of it all is, "Little Adolf Head-in-Air, Pray remember Robespierre." The capital black-and-white illustrations are also anonymous, but I rather think I can guess the artist. But, in case Herr Heines or Herr Goering are inclined to creep around with a squad of strong-arm men, I will not divulge the name. The brave man in the group is Mr. Arthur Barker, the publisher, whose name is on the title-page. *Truffle Eater* must be read by all who detest Dictatorships, and by everyone else as well.

Another book of verse, of a very different kind, is *Togo and the Demon Cats* (A. L. Hetherington. Athenæum Press; 3s. 6*d.*). It is a book for children, and it consists of translations from the Chinese and the Japanese. The hero of the title is a Japanese dog (with that name it could not be of any other nationality) who defeats the cats and paves the way for the domestic felicity of the Prince and his lady-love. The verses have two great merits in a children's book—they are simple and lucid. But the best thing about it are the wood-engravings of Miss Cicely Englefield, which are full of humour and neat drawing. *Togo* will be an admirable Christmas present for small children. Needless to add, the Athenæum Press maintains its reputation for fine printing.

The book supplement to the *Sphere*, published ten days ago, is an admirable departure. It is a small literary review in itself, and illustrated to boot. The first number contains a full-length discussion of Mr. Lloyd George's second volume of memoirs, by Mr. Douglas Jerrold. Mr. Jerrold is a superb and fearless pamphleteer. He ought to have lived in the eighteenth century, when pamphleteering was a part of the national life. In these days of flaccid, vacuous writing Mr. Jerrold's vitriol is as exciting as it is burning. He cannot be dull for a moment, even when one disagrees with his opinions. The polemical writer, whatever his opinions, is a godsend, and a rarity. Stale cabbage-water is what too many writers dip their gentle pens in. Mr. Beverley Nichols contributes a biting attack on that modern monstrosity, the gossip-writer. Then there are book-reviews, a well-illustrated article on the Bacon library at St. Albans, and a short summary of forthcoming books. An interesting and valuable venture.

Mr. R. D. Blumenfeld has been a journalist for over fifty years, and so he is well qualified to write *The Press in My Time* (Rich and Cowan; 5*s.*). Fleet Street has changed prodigiously in the last half-century. Linotype, interviews, Lord Northcliffe, cross-headings, gossip, photographs in *The Times*, all these are new, and there have been many other changes. Mr. Blumenfeld has seen them all, for he himself sat for many years in an editorial chair, and he has written them all down in an interesting book. But there are a number of indications which make me think the title should have been *The Stunt Press in My Time*. Mr. Blumenfeld understands the other side of the British Press no more than Northcliffe did. His only anecdote of the greatest of all editors, C. P. Scott, of the *Manchester Guardian*, is a story about some "gossip" which had appeared in the *Guardian* and the *Express*. Gossip! In Scott's *Guardian*! The thing is ludicrous, and therefore just a little smacking of vulgarity. Nor is it so easy to see why, in this year of 1933, he should be so proud of having invented the "famous slogan," "Tariff Reform means Work for All."

AN ANNOUNCEMENT *to the* *CRUISING PUBLIC*

AT LAST! A

HONOLULU CRUISE

The Blue Star Line have pleasure in announcing for their winter programme a unique cruise to Hawaii and Honolulu (where four clear days will be spent) via the West Indies, Panama Canal, and California on the world's most delightful cruising liner, fitted with the latest improvements to ensure the utmost steadiness at Sea.

ARANDORA STAR

commencing 24th January, 1934, for 75 Days, terminating 9th April, 1934. This exceptional opportunity of visiting these beautiful Pacific Islands, in addition to California and the West Indies, is certain to prove most popular and already *many bookings* have been made. It is therefore advisable to book early for this wonderful cruise in order to secure the best accommodation at moderate rates, as numbers will be strictly limited.

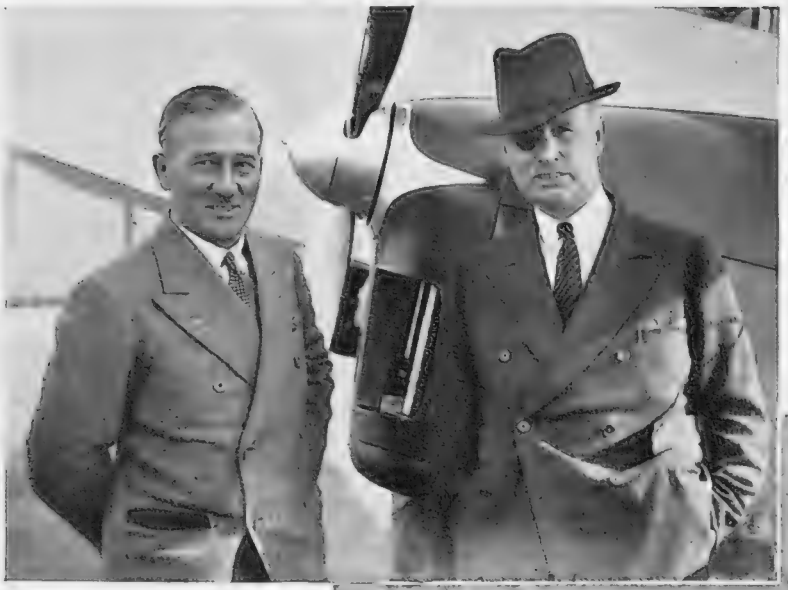
For full details and all-the-year Cruising Brochure apply :

THE BLUE STAR LINE

3 Lower Regent Street, London, S.W.1 (Whitehall 2266). Head Office : 40 St. Mary Axe, E.C.3 (Avenue 8020) : 10 Water Street, Liverpool, 2 : 94 Colmore Row, Birmingham : 2 Albert Sq., Manchester, 2 : 124 St Vincent St., Glasgow, C.2 : Bradford, Paris and Principal Agents.

CVS-337

By Air to the Lands of Sunshine: By Capt. C. E. Ward



Below: James Mollison drinking in the sunshine at Belmont Manor, Bermuda, where he has been on holiday since deciding to abandon, for the time being, the attempt on the world's distance record

The Gold Prospectors—Wing-Commander Laws, who is managing the West Australian air-survey for gold, with Mr. H. Hemming, distinguished by his black monocle, the foremost air-survey consultant in the Empire. The expedition is equipped with two de H. Dragons, its own wireless stations, and automatic electric cameras, amongst other modern aids to scientific research

Empire Cruises by Air

THE report of Imperial Airways' progress for the past year makes fascinating reading for those of us who have had to stay at home or, at the best, make a few journeys to the nearer European centres of pleasure. The length of route operated by the Company, from London to the Far East and to South Africa, some 16,000 miles, gives a slight idea of the variety of scenery and climate which can be experienced by the modern traveller who desires to see something of the world as viewed from above. The line to India is now flown along the coast of Arabia, a country known to a mere handful of Europeans, and that to South Africa passes over the vast swamps of the Sudan, where herds of big game can be observed whilst the passenger is seated in a comfortable arm-chair with a cool drink at elbow. Feeder services in Kenya and Rhodesia offer additional travel facilities off the beaten track, and it is possible to take a month's leave from London, spending a fortnight on safari, with a week of luxury travel out and home. Sir Eric Geddes made public the fact that the train sector of the Imperial route to Egypt, that from Paris to Brindisi, is likely to be superseded by a complete air-link in the near future. Instead of being de-planed at Le Bourget, the passenger will be carried on to Lyons and Marseilles, there to join a flying-boat for the journey across the Mediterranean.

Business with America

THE first stage of a trans-Atlantic air service will be flown next year by Imperial Airways, in conjunction with Pan-American Airways, from Bermuda to New York or thereabouts. The need for a drink in the States having been satisfied, Bermuda may lose some of the trade which has brought it prosperity during the past few years, but, on the other hand, its ideal climate will be an attraction for long week-ends from the hustling life on the North-American mainland. Colonel Lindbergh's mysterious mission to this side has had something to do with the Atlantic service. His conclusion is that the route via the Arctic Circle will not be available for passenger traffic for a long time yet, and even for mails it is a possibility only during the summer until we know more about Greenlands Icy Mountains. Which is a comforting thought, anyway, as who would like to be forced-landed on an ice cap or a polar bear?

Wings That Go Round and Round

INVENTORS of all nations are racking their brains and spending other people's money in trying to produce an aeroplane which will ascend and descend like a lift; the reasons for this activity being that the present type of machine lands too quickly for the average person to handle without training; and also it is not possible to slow up in the air. So far, the only type which has been at all successful is the Autogiro, designed by Señor Juan de la Cierva. This has been used by Scotland Yard for traffic control on Derby Day, and the Army is interested in a machine which enables troop movements to be observed at long range whilst hovering over one particular spot. Whereas, in the Autogiro, the wing rotates horizontally above the body of the 'plane, another type is being produced with wings that revolve like the paddle wheels of Thames steamboats. The design favoured in this country is that of Dr. Rohrbach, the famous German aeronautical engineer, and it is being backed by Mr. W. S. Shackleton, who designed the A.N.E.C. monoplane, and, more recently, with Mr. Lee Murray, a two-seater "pusher" for the private owner. It's a dizzy thought that the vehicle of the future may have wings that go round and round, but whether you like it or not, this seems the only solution to a 'plane which can operate from the housetops.

Overheard on the Tarmac

THE Central Flying School of the Royal Air Force comes of age on the 24th of this month, and the occasion is to be celebrated in correct R.A.F. style by a dinner at the May Fair Hotel. Lord Trenchard is to preside, but that need not deter the more frivolous-minded from attending, for he will be there as a Marshal of the Royal Air Force and not with a guard of honour in dark blue. Any officers who have been on the staff at C.F.S. during the past twenty-one years should communicate with the Secretary at Wittering, which is near Peterborough, in Northants. At Brooklands, one of London's country aerodromes, first solos have been made by Mrs. Graham and Mr. Morris; Miss Farmiloe has passed all tests for an "A" Licence, and Mr. Wilson his flight by night for a "B" certificate. After their marriage at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Wagg left Heston for Paris by air, piloted by Mr. Morris Jackaman in his Monospar, which is painted white especially to cater for such events. The bride, as Miss Katherine Horlick, has been a pupil at the Heston School for some time. Hanworth has a dinner-dance, either or both, whichever you prefer, on Friday next, the 10th, with good music, a champagne bar, and the usual novelties of the season. It's surprising what some people will do for money. B.A.N.C.O. accepted a passenger who is described as "almost a gentleman," for a trip from Heston to Dublin. On the way back, the weather was bad, so subscribers to the B.B.C. will hear a new story when Mose next talks to Alexander. *Escape by Air* is to be the title of a new film, based on the flight of the King and Queen of Siam from their troubled capital.

NOVEMBER, 1933

11th to 20th inclusive

11th **Racing.** Liverpool Meeting. Windsor and Leopardstown Meetings
Greyhound Racing Trafalgar Cup (Puppy) (Flat), Wembley
Hockey. Royal Air Force 'A' v. Tulse Hill II. Aldershot Command v. Teddington. Blackheath v. London University. Lancs. v. Northumberland
Rugby (Union). Gloucestershire v. Somerset. Upper Clapton v. Berkshire Wanderers. Burton v. Rugby.
Rugby (Northern). Barrow v. Oldham. Halifax v. Wigan. Australians 2nd Test, Leeds.
Assoc. Football. Chelsea v. Derby C. Tottenham v. Newcastle. Wolves v. Arsenal.
Motor Cycling. British Experts Trial, Birmingham M.C.C.
Golf. Stoke Poges v. Cambridge University.

13th **Racing.** Leicester Meeting.
Amateur Boxing. Lynn A.C., Manor Place Baths.
Old Custom. Hiring Fairs, Aberystwyth.

14th **Racing.** Leicester Meeting.
Shows. International Poultry Show, Crystal Palace.

15th **Racing.** Derby Meeting. Cheltenham Steeplechases.
Shows. Grocers and Allied Trades Exhibition, Sheffield. International Poultry Show, Crystal Palace
Ice Hockey. Streatham v Cambridge University.
Rugby (Union). Kent v. Surrey. Harlequins v Oxford University, Twickenham.
Assoc. Football. England v Wales, Newcastle.
Rugby (Northern). Keighley v. Australia.

16th **Racing.** Derby Meeting. Cheltenham Steeplechases.
Amateur Boxing. Army v. Nottingham City Police.
Shows. Fat Cattle Show, Norwich. International Poultry Show, Crystal Palace.

17th **Racing.** Derby Meeting. Chepstow and Catterick Bridge Steeplechases.
Ice Hockey. Oxford University v. Warwickshire.
Shows. Fat Cattle Show, Norwich. Motor Show, Glasgow.

18th **Racing.** Lingfield Park Mtg. Chepstow and Catterick Bridge Steeplechases.
Hockey. Wimbledon v. R.A.F. Blackheath v. Royal Artillery. Aldershot Command v. University College. Northumberland v. Cheshire.
Rugby (Union). Upper Clapton v. Tonbridge. North v. South, Dunfermline. Lancashire v. Yorkshire. Burton v. Stoke.
Rugby (Northern). Huddersfield v. Australia.
Assoc. Football. Derby County v. Liverpool. Leeds United v. Tottenham Hotspur.
Motoring. Veteran Car Race, London to Brighton.
Motor Cycling. Lancashire Grand National, Manchester.

20th **Racing.** Warwick Meeting.
Fairs. Hiring Fair, Aberystwyth.
Amateur Boxing. Battersea A.B.C., Nine Elms, London.

PUT DOWN IN YOUR NOTEBOOK THE EVENTS WHICH INTEREST YOU. AND, WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, PUT YOURSELF DOWN FOR A WORTHINGTON.

Sport with the Lid Off

A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

Below: Lady Pamela Smith presenting the Branksome Challenge Cup to Mr. Francis Ricardo, the winner, at the prize-giving at the Branksome Tower Hotel, Bournemouth. The others in the group are Mr. Dale Bourn, Mr. Elliott Cockell, Editor of "Golf Illustrated" and organiser of the competition, Mr. J. R. Cuff, and Mr. T. H. V. Haydon, director of the Hotel

Lady Pamela Smith Rewards a Victor

Freshmen Hurdling at Cambridge

Above: K. B. Kitley, of Pembroke, winning the second heat in the Open 120-yards Handicap Hurdles in the Freshmen's Sports at Cambridge

IT 's great news that the All-Blacks are to visit us again in 1936—I wonder whether we shall have a worthy Rugby side to put against them by then? It 's high time, incidentally, that England beat a visiting team from the Dominions—a full-strength one, that 's to say—for I don't think the 1927-8 Waratahs would place themselves on a level with the New Zealanders and the South Africans.

Tremendous fellows they were, the 1924 All-Blacks. Playful, too. I remember playing against them on a wet afternoon, and seeing one of their forwards, as the first scrummage broke up, shove his fist under our hooker's jaw, with the cheerful remark, "You young devil, if you hook that ——— ball again, I 'll knock your ——— block off."

Still, they were wonderfully good footballers, and they thoroughly deserved their triumphs. The strength of their pack, the genius of Mark Nichols, their combination and backing-up were superb, and if the 1936 party are only half as formidable we shall have our hands full.

I 'm sorry, by the way, to hear that Mr. Adrian Stoop is still unwell, for, somehow, a Rugby football season does not seem itself without his keen, watchful presence on the touch-line. Still, I trust he will soon be among us again, commenting acidly, but with admirable judgment, upon the faults of his Harlequins.

I KEEP hearing rumours about this reconciliation between the Rugby Union and France, and the latest story—quite an authoritative one—is that France will offer Wales a match at Easter. What is more, my informant tells me that Wales will consider the offer very seriously, for the money would be welcome, and that 's a strong argument. As I said last week, Wales and England are not averse from renewing fixtures, provided they can be assured that the game in France has been cleaned up, but Scotland and Ireland are not interested. As a matter of fact, I have an idea that certain English clubs who enjoy their jaunts to France are putting forward a little discreet propaganda.

AND how goes the day with the sister game—Association football? By the time you read these notes I dare say your newspapers will have dealt with the question of David Jack, famous Arsenal and England forward, being transferred to Charlton, a London Division III. club. Jack has lost his regular place in the Arsenal team; he is nearing the end of his playing days, though his skill and experience would help Charlton, without a doubt. And what a great player he was! Do you remember the sensation caused by the Arsenal's action in buying him from Bolton Wanderers some years ago for the record transfer fee of £10,750?

I 'm often asked how much the players make when they are bought for these fantastic sums. I 'm afraid they don't do nearly well enough. They 're entitled to their benefit money—which is £130 a season up to five years' service, so that the most they receive, however vast the sum paid for them, is £650. Then there 's the question of a player's wage. He receives the Football League maximum of £8 a week for nine months, and £6 a week for the summer months, with talent money of £2 for a win and £1 for a draw. Not dazzling pay for actors who play to the largest audiences in the country.

I think it 's quite time the Football League, which is the organisation run by the big clubs—did something about this transfer fee problem. The whole thing is absurd, and lends itself to many abuses, and it does definitely prevent the small and impecunious clubs from ever making progress. Why should football depend upon the ability of a club to buy star players? Wouldn't public interest be increased enormously if every club in the League had equal chances? Of course it would—but, as a taxi-driver said to me the other day, quite casually, "As soon as the big money gets into a game that game 's ruined."

I was asking him, incidentally, whether he ever went to big fights at the Albert Hall, and it turned out that in his younger days he had been a boxing enthusiast. "But now," he said, "I can't afford the fancy prices, and I don't believe the game 's straight, and there 's lots of others who feel the same, I can tell you."

A pity, isn't it? There 's no doubt, though, that the public are becoming suspicious of the games which are run for commercial ends. Maybe that is why Rugby football draws larger crowds every year—at Twickenham you may be certain of a square deal for your money, even if it is not as spectacular as some of the more highly organised sports.

AND, talking of the less pretentious games, I 've just been reading the latest volume in the admirable Lonsdale Library—it deals with Rackets, Squash Rackets, Badminton, and Fives, and all the champions, from E. M. Baerlein to Sir G. A. Thomas, tell us about their own particular fancy. I don't know how many squash players seriously wish to improve their tactics—a great many people, I dare say, play, as I do, mainly because squash gives them a good sweat in half-an-hour or so. But squash is a delicate pastime for the expert, and so is fives. I 'm particularly fond of Rugby fives; it 's the best game—and this is a heretical opinion—to my way of thinking, after Rugby football. I only wish there were more facilities for playing it. Anyway, have a look at this Lonsdale book if you 're interested—it 's well worth while.

FINALLY, what do you think of the new sports arena which is to spring into being at Wembley?

A swimming-bath 420 feet long, artificial waves, sun-bathing beaches and all—and the headquarters of the Empire Swimming Club, and 12,000 tip-up seats. I 'm sure it is a most enterprising project, and doubtless the support will be encouraging. But we do take our pleasures in the mass nowadays, don't we?

BY APPOINTMENT

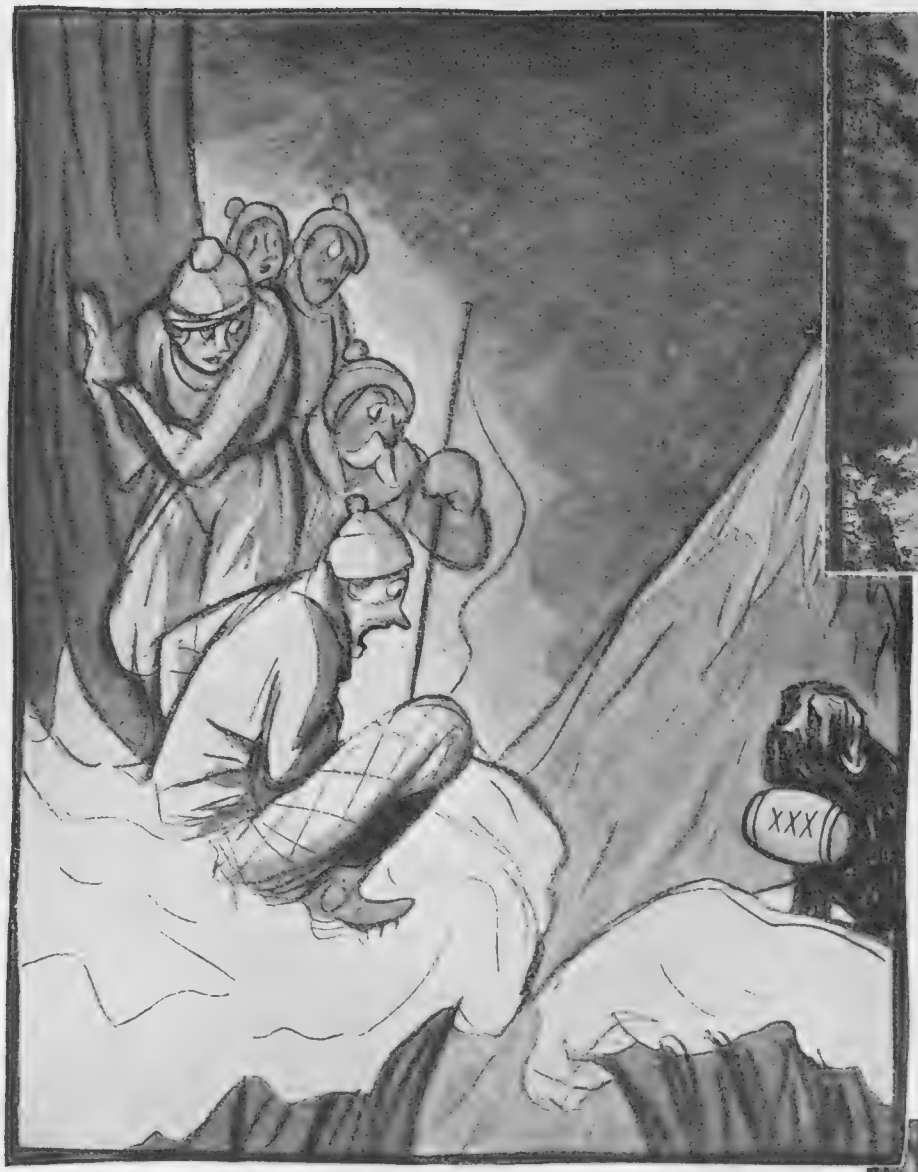
Yes, we must join the ladies!

NOVA
PLEASE GIVE GENEROUSLY
REMEMBRANCE DAY

say BOOTH'S AND AVOID ARGUMENT!

Willing

B.G.61



"What? No Perrier!"

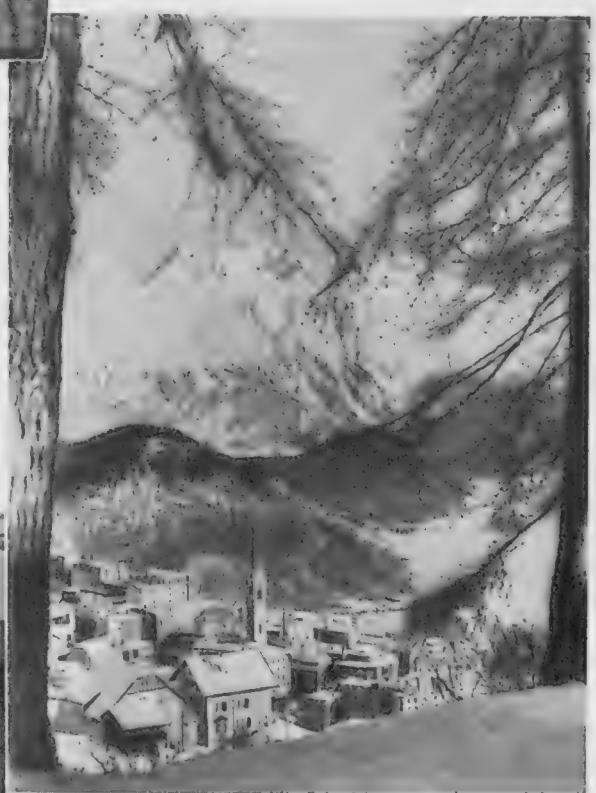
Above is an etching by Frederick B. Taylor, the Canadian artist, of two ski-ers making a tandem jump. The "comment" on the left is one of the drawings from Peter Arno's new book, just published by John Lane, The Bodley Head

Winter Sports
come round again

TURNING our backs resolutely on the Hot Summer of 1933, we look toward the mountains and ask each other what the snow 's going to be like this winter. This question, and others pertaining to winter sports, such as where to go and what to wear, are dealt with in our Winter Sports Section on pp. 293—300

"Wayfarers" at Luncheon

Above are Mr. Michael Franklin, M. Paravicini, the Swiss Minister, and the Hon. Mrs. Franklin at the Wayfarers' Travel Luncheon given for those interested in Switzerland. On the right are Sir Claude Schuster, the President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, who presided at the luncheon, and Brig.-Gen. J. R. Wroughton, the Editor of the Winter Sports Annual



St. Moritz

A view across the valley in which St. Moritz lies, to the mountains on the other side, from Chantarella. The lake, which is used as a landing-ground by aeroplanes arriving at St. Moritz, lies on the right

THE LOVABLE FRAGRANCE

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE QUEEN

Gifts—

There is something of the glamour of the casketed jewel in these gift cases by Yardley . . . the same touch of mystery . . . and the subtle homage with which the richness and artistry of their presentation enhance the gifts themselves.

You can make no more graceful gesture this Christmas than these gifts of beauty given in Beauty's cause . . .

Perfume of exquisite daintiness, misty fine Complexion Powder, luxurious Bath Dusting Powder, Talc, Bath Salts . . . and all manner of thrilling little vanities.

Gift Cases for Men too.

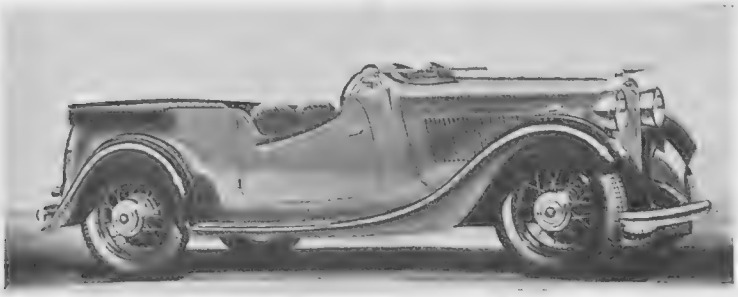
Lavender: In Sprinkler Bottles 1/3 to 10/6 and in larger sizes up to 2 Guineas. Lavender Soap—*'The Luxury Soap of the World'*—2/6 a box of three tablets, English Complexion Cream 2/6, Complexion Powder 1/9, Compact 2/- and 3/-, Lipstick 2/- and 3/-, Bath Salts 2/6 to 10/6. Gift Cases 2/- to 30/- (the one illustrated is 21/-). Gift Cases for Men 2/9 to 12/6.

YARDLEY 33 Old Bond Street LONDON

YARDLEY LAVENDER

Prices do not apply in Irish Free State

Is the 100-m.p.h. Car Worth While?: By The Earl of Cardigan



The 1934 Humber "Twelve" sports-tourer, which has the four-speed gear-box, with a silent third, and is fitted with free-wheel, giving a clutch-less gear change, is a sports car with particularly good lines. Price £285

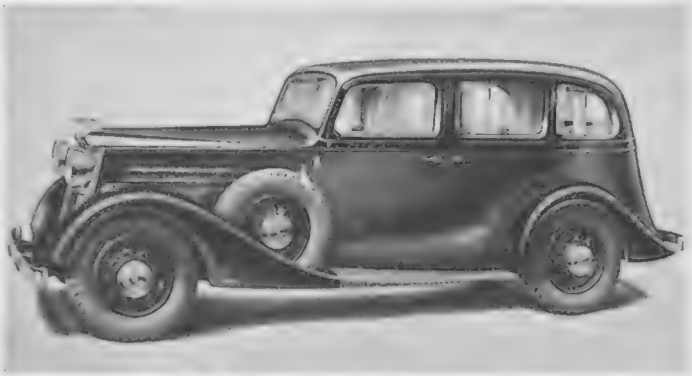
In conversation with some friends, I recently happened to mention that, within the space of about ten days, I had had the experience of driving two cars of the genuine 100-m.p.h. category. It occurred to me that the statement might arouse some interest.

Actually, it seemed to arouse something very much akin to hostility. Why, I was asked, should anyone *wish* to drive at 100-m.p.h.? Why should cars be built capable of such a fantastic speed? What virtue could there be in such machines, apart from the doubtful one of being able to travel about twice as fast as would normally be considered prudent? All these questions struck me as being of interest, since they were so obviously put from the standpoint of the type of person who still represents a majority among road-users.

To answer each query in order, I personally am convinced that, in fact, practically nobody wishes to drive at 100-m.p.h. on the ordinary road. Unless either the car or the road is exceptional, I am inclined to reckon 60-m.p.h. as the highest speed at which driving, at present, can be both easy and enjoyable.

If this is the view of the average man, then the second question is a natural one. Why should cars be built capable of a speed so greatly in excess of ordinary requirements? The answer is simply the old law of supply and demand. Logically or otherwise, the demand exists, and it inevitably follows that a certain number of manufacturers will supply it.

This leads us to the third query—on what is the demand based? Is it, as some people will suspect, sheer "swank" which inspires the buyer of a 100-m.p.h. motor-car? There may, I suppose, be a few people whose chief delight is to boast to their less fortunate friends. For the most part, however, there are far more solid and practical reasons for 100-m.p.h. cars. Indeed, it would not be altogether illogical for a man to buy an ultra-fast car, even if he had no intention of utilising more than half the speed available. To my mind, the greatest attraction of such a car is not that it can do 100-m.p.h. with the throttle fully open, but that it can do 50-m.p.h. with the throttle half-closed. This means that a good, fast cruising-speed can be maintained, with the same sense of ease and smooth running as is experienced by the small-car owner at a discreet 30-m.p.h. It means that, with its engine turning over at the gentle rate of, say, 2000 revolutions per minute, the high-speed car is moving at a respectable pace, whereas the normal light-car is putting up a poor performance. It follows that, if intelligently driven, the 100-m.p.h. car should have an almost indefinite life. There is no reason why it should ever be called upon to exert itself fully; at any ordinary speed the engine should not only *feel* comfortable, but *be* comfortable, in that it should be running well "within itself." Thus the ownership of such a car may actually prove economical.



The special feature of the new Vauxhall "Big Six" Saloon is the no-draught ventilation; the design of the windows can be clearly seen in the photograph. The "Big Six" is a 20-h.p. car, and the price is £325

EVENING CLOTHES

LONDON IS NOW unquestionably the smartest, gayest and most entertaining city in the world. It is also easily the best-dressed city, both for men and for women. The Englishwoman, with her sylph-like figure, has developed her sense of style and artistry to an amazing extent during the last decade. The Englishman, of course, is, and has been for the last century, the leader of such fashions as exist for men.

The hours of leisure and the night life denote the prosperity or the decadence of a capital. Paris is drab and drearily avaricious. Berlin has now become artificially respectable and Hitlerishly dull. Vienna is the grey shadow of a hectic past. Buda-Pest hides its poverty with a smile, and polishes its sword. New York, the city of architectural wonders, built on unprecedented affluence, bites its teeth on golden pavements and finds no sustenance.

It savours of vulgarity to chortle on others' inferiority, but England is still the most prosperous country, and London is still the supreme metropolis.

The philosopher and the historian both record the importance of the symbol of clothes. But since this is an advertisement and not a literary essay, let us get down to the silken threads.

Pope & Bradley possess the reputation of making the best Evening Suits in the West End of London. And that is the highest standard in the world to-day. If a man walked into the Embassy Club, as a guest, wearing a ready-made evening suit it would provide the subject for a Bateman drawing. The waiters would all faint, the band would become impotent with satiric laughter, and the miserable interloper would feel exactly like the notorious Mr. Can't

Dinner Jackets or Tails must be properly cut, and carefully tended. A man may—if he cares—walk down Bond Street in flannels or tweeds without meeting with criticism, but he cannot appear in an ill-fitting Dress Suit.

The House of Pope & Bradley is famous for its own exclusive materials, and its own designs. Our cutters impart style to the most awkward of figures, and we employ a number of brilliant craftsmen who sew—by hand—nothing else but dress coats.

We recommend blue-black baratheas and herring bone, since by artificial light they appear a deeper black. Our dress coatings are dyed to our own shade—which is so deep a blue that it causes no embarrassment when seen in the daylight.

Our clothes appeal only to the select minority of men of taste. The prices may appear expensive, but considering their quality and the comparatively low basis of profit upon which it is our principle to work, the charges are in reality extremely moderate. Dinner Suits from 15 Gns. Dress Suits from 16 Gns. Lounge Suits from 10 Gns.

ALLPORTS
(Established 1793)
21 & 23 Colmore Row,
BIRMINGHAM
This famous Midland firm of tailors is now amalgamated with and directed by Pope & Bradley.

POPE & BRADLEY
14 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

ROLLS-ROYCE

The Best Car in the World

"The Rolls-Royce 'Phantom II' stands supreme among the luxury vehicles of the world." *Morning Post*

"A piece of mechanism has no soul, but it can have personality and breeding, and this car has both." *Yorkshire Observer*

"It is out and away the most docile, unobtrusive and easily-controlled vehicle that I have ever driven." *Polo Monthly*

"I would venture to assert that Great Britain to-day not only continues to build the best car in the world, but that the gap between this and the next best is wider than ever it was." *Tatler*

"Apart from its superlative looks, it needs only a trial run in the Rolls-Royce to understand why this car should be accepted everywhere as 'the best in the world." *Financial Times*

"The degree of flexibility, as in all Rolls-Royce cars, was amazing. The rate of acceleration although most deceptive by reason of its smoothness, proved to be extremely rapid." *Bystander*

"No one can come away from even the briefest visit to Derby without feeling, as I do, that there is, after all, some justification for the claim that we in England turn out 'The Finest Car in the World." *Sketch*

ROLLS-ROYCE LIMITED 14-15 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W1 [MAYFAIR 6201]

Cold Weather searches out the faults

It is unwise to use a poor petrol at any time of year, but doubly unwise when the winter comes and brings slow-starting, misfiring, sticky valves, diluted oil.

'SHELL' is the best petrol all the year round—and in winter has extra volatility for quick-starting.

WINTER SHELL IS NOW ON SALE

8200 FEET ABOVE SEA LEVEL IN 13 MINUTES!

In 13 mins. with the Corviglia Funicular the ski-runner (and sun-bather) can be carried into the very heart of the ski-ing fields high above St. Moritz. A choice of runs valley-wards awaits the most fastidious skier, and a dozen time a day can the round be made — up by train and down by ski! Each descent better and faster than the last!

RUNS FROM CORVIGLIA

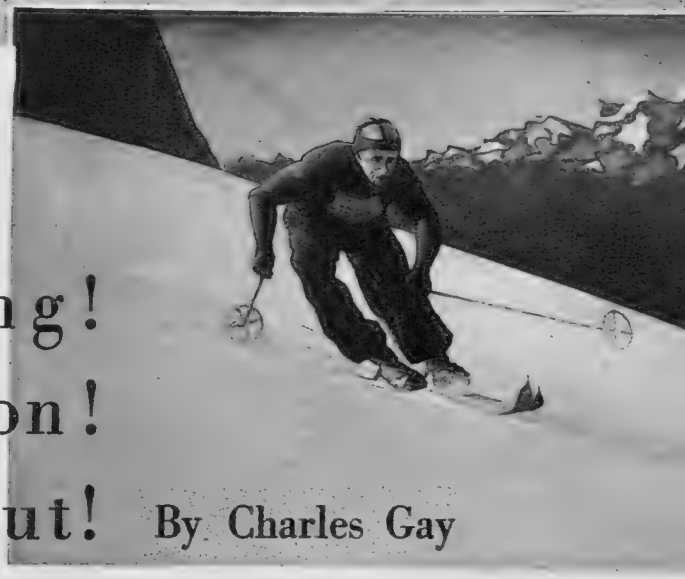
The runs. The slopes of Corviglia above St. Moritz, Campfèr, Suvretta, and Celerina can be descended in practically any direction, thus providing an unending choice of runs. The following are the best known. 1. From Corviglia over Alp Clüop to St. Moritz. Vertical descent 2300 ft. Distance 11 500 ft. The first half of the run (to Ober Alpina) has a vertical descent of 2000 ft. Distance 6500 ft., and leads over open country. Record time, (Dav. Zogg) 2 mins. 59 sec. The second half of the descent combines wood running with open slopes. Record, Corviglia to H... (Carl Nater) 3 mins. 24 sec. 2. From Corviglia to Suvretta House. Vertical descent 29... country. The possible variations of this run are many, and a speed of 50 miles per ... attained. Record (Arthur Schlatter) 3 mins. 24 sec. 3. From Corviglia over Sass da ... Laret and Chantarella. Vertical descent 1650 ft. Good running over terraced country, th... wood-running. 4. From Corviglia through Val Saluver to Celerina. Vertical descent 20... over open country, suitable for straight running. The second half can according to c... tion, provide either an easy or a difficult descent. Record (Julen Elias) 5 mins. 28.5... **The passes.** 1. Fuorcla Schlattain, 9445 ft. Provides the choice of four exce... Either back to Corviglia, and so over one of the already mentioned runs to St. Mo... the Val Suvretta da San Murezzan or through the Val Suvretta da Samedan or th... and from Spinas by train to St. Moritz. 2. Fuorcla Grischa 9515 ft. Same descent ... Schlattain. 3. Fuorcla della Valetta 9710 ft. descent to Celerina or longer runs ... letta Samedan. 4. Fuorcla Padella 8988 ft. with steeper descent in the Val Selin... **The peaks.** 1. Piz Nair 10 012 ft. Fine view point. Descent through the Val... Murezzan. 2. Piz Schlattain 9871 ft. 3. Piz Padella 9383 ft. 4. Piz Ot 10 ... point. The last part of the ascent must in all cases be made on foot.

The big five:

GRAND HOTEL, KULM HOTELS
SUVRETTA, PALACE, CARLTON

St. Moritz

St. Moritz: a panoramic view of the town, with its innumerable and palatial hotels, the skating-rinks, the lake, from which the mist is rising, and the wooded hills and giant mountain-peaks behind. The photograph was taken from the ski-ing slopes at Badrutt Park



Achtung! Attention! Look Out!

By Charles Gay

The How, When and Where of Winter Sports

Another of Frederick B. Taylor's interesting and technically perfect winter-sports pictures: this one is an aquatint and is titled "The Racer"

ONCE again the damp fogs of November are here, bringing with them in compensation, however, the thoughts of the virgin snow, hot sunshine, sleigh-bells, and gluhwein of the High Alps. Those of us who have saved up for our holidays until December, January, and February, or who have not, but still intend to see a funicular again before the spring, are already almost counting the days to the moment when the porters on Victoria Station are being told once more to mind our precious skis.

This year the winter resorts are going to be fuller than they have been since 1929, and if a hot summer is anything to go by, there should be wonderful snow conditions everywhere. The exchange, it is true, has reacted against us slightly since last year, but it is once again moving upwards to the dear, delightful days when there were twenty Swiss francs and more to the pound.

But where to go? Never before has there been such a variety of places from which to choose. Switzerland no longer holds the almost absolute monopoly of winter sports. Italy has come into the field with Sestrières. Dozens of little villages in the Tyrol are awakening to the fact that ski-ing can be a pleasure for the foreigners as well as a necessity for the locals. France is beginning to realise more and more that she can provide admirable ski-runs and bob-runs, as well as runs at chemin-de-fer and, soon, at roulette. Sweden and Norway are also making themselves attractive to the visitors.

Changing Fashions

BUT before one goes any farther, let the prospective visitor take care not to make a "bloomer" in the matter of clothes. If you are dressed incorrectly it does not matter what resort you choose. You will still feel miserable. I have just been talking to an International ski-runner, and from him have learned enough to prevent any of you making a sartorial *gaffe*. This is just as well, because fashions in winter sports, even for men, are as variable and fickle as Paris clothes are for women. When I first went to Switzerland everybody wore plus fours, except two or three people, like Arnold Lunn, who were such wizards on skis that they were a law unto themselves. Then plus fours went completely out of fashion, and long trousers were the order of the day.

This winter, particularly if you are good on skis, you should wear dark-blue plus fours, with white stockings of uncured wool, a scarlet skull-cap to keep your ears warm, and a jacket with big lapels, double-breasted, tight-fitting, of Austrian design, and made of mackintosh. Alternatively, you have the choice of leather jackets with zip fasteners and breast pockets, or high-necked dark-blue jumpers of smocking. With all this you wear ski-ing mitts of either black or white horse-hide. Your ski-ing socks, which you wear turned down over your boots, should be of goat's hair or uncured wool, with the natural grease still in them.

The women and girls, on the other hand, will be wearing trousers. Very few of them look well in plus fours. There is no question about it, their legs and hips look wrong in plus fours.

There are fashions also even in ski-ing. For a long time the telemark has been unfashionable, but now it is coming back once again and the majority of the best Swiss racers use the telemark position. Indeed, in 1932 the Swiss actually standardised their teaching on what they thought to be an improvement of the Arlberg technique as taught by the Hannes Schneider school at St. Anton. Nevertheless, the Stem Christiania is still the basis of modern ski-ing.

St. Moritz

LET us first consider St. Moritz, with its Cresta Run, its orchids and champagne cocktails, its night-club, its Hollywood film-stars, its bob-run and its "higlif," and, incidentally, its ski-ing. For the lazy winter sportsman, like myself, St. Moritz is ideal. You can please yourself. You needn't ski, bob, ride the Cresta, skate, or even luge, and you can still have a grand time and go for a drive in a sleigh. Which reminds me of a Hungarian Count who was there not so long ago, and who was courting an American film-star, without success. At last he elicited the fact that her favourite colour was purple, so he sent to Milan for sixty bunches of Parma violets, then persuaded a sleigh driver to bring out the string-netting harness used to keep the flies off his pony in the summer. He then tied a bunch of violets on to each cross-section of the harness and drove off to the fair one's hotel. Well, of course, she fell. She had to.

Pontresina

VERY handy to St. Moritz is Pontresina—a centre for a number of first-class touring

Snow and ski-ing don't necessarily mean winter conditions at all, as we know them to our shivering discomfort in England. These ski-ers are all wearing bathing-dresses, so as to get the right sort of all-over sun-tan; they are making a halt on one of the perfect ski-fields at Arosa

Above: a bob-sleigh starting off at the top of the bob-run at Caux; the finish of the run, which is an excellent one, is near the Caux Palace Hotel

And then there's to-bogganing. On the right are two of the younger generation being taken for a ride down the village run at St. Moritz

runs, the best of which is the Diavolezza. Besides the funicular, there is also the Bernina railway. In many of the lower winter resorts there is some difficulty in keeping the skating-rinks in good order, the ice-men having to be available all night to spray the surface when the temperature rises towards zero. There is no danger of this kind at Pontresina. As for ski-ing, the most popular short run is known as the "Mut." The funicular saves a two-thousand-feet climb, and you can see the whole length of the Upper Engadine. Fancy-dress balls are particularly well organised here, and curlers are taken care of.

Montana-Crans

THEN, what about Montana, the sporting part of which is called Crans? This is some way from the sanatoriums, and is the sunniest place in the whole of Switzerland. There they offer you not only ski-ing and ski-jöring, but even motor ski-jöring. Just you try it. There is also the Vermala ski-leap. If you are a beginner it is pleasant to know that there are eight trainers to instruct you, as well as two guides. There are also five different sports clubs.

Zermatt

ZERMATT is famous for its scenery, with the Matterhorn towering overhead. That is the place to go if you want a really economical holiday. The ice-rinks cover two-and-a-half acres. There are two ski-leaps, and no fewer than thirty instructors in ski-ing and skating.

Villars

VILLARS is a very sunny place. It has the biggest and best rinks in Switzerland, and is a favourite with French people. It has a first-class visitors' ski club. The funicular takes you up to Bretaye, which is six thousand five hundred feet above sea-level and is the starting-point for the Chamossaire run. Villars boasts a hotel which contains a bowling-alley and a shooting-range, as well as everything else. And the bob-run is about nine kilometres long—lengthy enough for anybody.

Wengen

Now let us turn to the Bernese Oberland. Wengen has always been a favourite of mine. I once ran sixth in the Gold Ski Race, but that was fourteen years ago, and such is the improvement in ski-ing that I would probably come in last nowadays. Then, as now, the funicular tickets were clipped by our bearded friend "Trotsky." I trust he will carry on the good work for years to come. There are lots of good hotels at Wengen, and there is the funicular which takes you up to Scheidegg. This winter, moreover, the funicular from Grindelwald is going to extend all the way to Scheidegg. The track has been there since the war, but its last stages have not been opened up for all these years. I have many pleasant memories of Wengen. Nothing can be more fun than to make your way to Scheidegg and then ski down to Grindelwald, and, having done it perhaps twice, come home temporarily dead-beat, but within an hour as full of energy as ever. Oh, for the Swiss cherry jam, the light beer, and the dark beer!

Mürren

ACROSS the way is Mürren, which, until now, has rather sneered at skating. This year they are going to have a number of instructors, and skating is going to stand socially much higher than it did before. One thinks of Mürren in terms of huge side-tables at lunch-time, covered with the most admirable cold buffet; of the distinctly steep nursery slopes; of the innumerable competitions for ski-ing; of the Lone Tree Club and the Kandahar Club; of poor Knebworth, who was killed flying this summer; of Belgian royalty; and of every imaginable public school and university stockings, sweater, blazer, and what have you. If you want to learn to ski as soon as possible and as quickly as possible, go to Mürren. Speed and control are the mottoes of the Mürren school. As Arnold Lunn has said, "The main problem of ski-ing may be summed up in one short, ugly word, 'funk.'" Most ski-ers, except the bravest, funk more or less, but unless the novice is encouraged from the first to overcome the fear, he will never make a great ski-er. Meantime, I am glad to hear that one is no longer sneered at if one sits one's sticks at Mürren. A well-known ski-runner, who goes there every winter, and continues to make his way to the Wasenegg and the Schilthorn with a single ski-stick, which he rides in comfort from the summit to the valley, and I am assured that nobody now either interferes with him or criticises him. That is certainly a change.

Grindelwald

IT was at Grindelwald, years ago, that I first saw those sleigh bicycles which you can, if you want to, ride down the luge-run. I never had the courage to try it myself, but it all looked very exciting. Grindelwald is primarily, however, the home of English-style skating. Thanks to the extension of the funicular to Scheidegg, it is possible to have some whopping long glacier tours, which are now easily accessible by means of the Jungfraujoch railway.

Kandersteg

KANDERSTEG is one of the most easily reached resorts in Switzerland. You can get there by through train from Calais or Boulogne in just over nineteen hours from London. It is a great curling centre, and

(*Continued on page 296*)

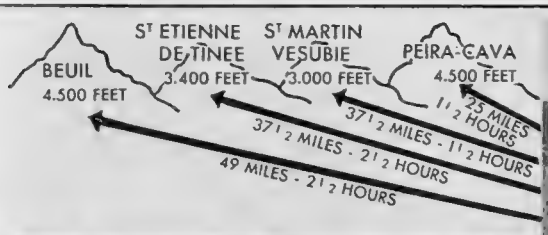
EASTERN RAILWAY OF FRANCE

WINTER SPORTS AT GERARDMER

FREQUENT FÊTES AND COMPETITIONS ARE ORGANISED EVERY YEAR

ALTHOUGH the Summer Season at Gerardmer is very pleasant and presents many features of interest, the Winter Season is no less attractive. Its situation at the foot of mountains, with easy summits and gentle slopes with an altitude of between 2,000 and 4,300 feet, makes Gerardmer a natural centre for Winter Sports. There are frequent snowfalls and sharp frosts, but the air is dry and healthy through the period from the end of December to the end of March.

The tracks and skating rinks are at the very gates of the town. Every sport can be indulged in on the same day; SKI-ING, LUGEING, BOB-SLEIGHING, SKIJOR-ING, SKATING, ICE-BOATING.



NICE

WINTER SPORTS

SWIM AT NINE
SKI AT NOON

On your way to Winter Sports stay at the

MONTREUX PALACE HOTEL. MONTREUX

SWITZERLAND - SIMPLON LINE

THE GEM OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA —— UNRIVALLED SITUATION & COMFORT

HOTEL NATIONAL + + + + HOTEL LORIUS

Two first-class family houses. Reasonable rates.

YOUR IRISH SWEEPSTAKE TICKET may not win, but you can still afford a Christmas holiday at :—

CAUX-PALACE above Montreux, Switzerland.

EXCELLENT SPORTS. NEW SKI-ING SCHOOL. INDOOR AMUSEMENTS.

Full inclusive rates for seven days, tips, Sports-tax included: Swiss francs 150.

Gérardmer is one of the best known of the winter sports stations in the Vosges, and although it lies at under a thousand metres, it is possible to use skis from the door of one's hotel

Charles Gay on Winter Sports *(Continued from page 294)*

"Soop it!" echoes constantly over the snowy scene. The best ski tours are to the Wildstrubel, but they are pretty long and you need to know your stuff to undertake them.

Engelberg

ENGELBERG is in a high, sunny valley, way up above Lucerne. It has a five-kilometre toboggan-run and is one of the finest skating centres in Switzerland. Its great point is that it combines the advantages of being a funicular centre and a good touring centre. Incidentally, the new aerial funicular to Trübsee saves many weary climbs.

Scheidegg: Lunch Out-of-Doors

A party of ski-ers lunching out-of-doors at Scheidegg, in the Bernese Oberland. Here are some of the most perfect of ski-ing slopes, which can be reached by funicular from Wengen and Grindelwald; one can then ski down again

St. Anton

AND now for Austria. Austria, to most people, means either St. Anton or Innsbruck or Kitzbuhel. If going to Mürren, as some people claim, is like going back to school, then going to St. Anton is like enlisting again in the Army—that is, if you decide to take lessons in ski-ing at the Schneider School. The pupils are more or less split up into companies, platoons and sections, and the master himself is like a visiting brigadier-general. Nowadays, at the St. Anton School, they are trying to teach you to acquire more speed. Formerly their one object in life was to take care that you would never fall down. There is quite a lot of night life at St. Anton, if you are not too black and blue to enjoy it. The Post Hotel is great fun, and so is the Schwarzer Adler, which used to be the local weinstube, and has now grown into an hotel.

Kitzbuhel

IF you are strong on your legs, Kitzbuhel is the ideal place, with its fifty first-class runs and its aerial cable railway. If you like erstwhile celebrities you will find quite a number of Austrian Grand Dukes living in pensions there. The village is peculiarly charming and, with a recent influx of French visitors, it has become definitely fashionable.

Innsbruck

INNSBRUCK is famous for the Red Shirts Ski Club, the leading members of which are the Lantschner brothers and sisters, who do so well in all the international ski-racing. Frankly, I have only been there in the summer, which almost seems blasphemy; but the lovely little old town, with that marvellous cigarette-lighter shop of Joseph Fink, the Breinossl's beer-garden, and the gold-tiled roof (though it will be covered with snow when you get there) of Ludwig Schauffler is inimitable.

The Tyrol

ALL over the Austrian Tyrol there are scores of attractive little villages where you can get wonderful ski-ing without any jostling, and as long as you go there for at least a fortnight to compensate yourself for the extra cost of the train journey, it is marvellously economic. I hesitate to

(Continued on page 300)

WINTER SPORTS HOLIDAYS

Experience—not experiment!

Planning now for future pleasure

WITH over 90 years' travel experience behind us, and 20 years' close association with Winter Sports development, we are in an unrivalled position to assist and offer unbiased advice to Winter Sports enthusiasts, including those who have not previously enjoyed the most invigorating Winter holiday

OUR CHARGES ARE EXTREMELY REASONABLE.

OUR HOTEL ALLOTMENTS COVER THE BEST ROOMS.

OUR INITIATION PARTIES, WITH SKI-ING INSTRUCTORS, ARE PLANNED FOR THE INEXPERIENCED.

Our illustrated booklets, to be obtained post free, give particulars of attractive arrangements at various grades of hotels, at the best resorts. They give descriptive notes on each centre; how to get there, and the inclusive cost for varying periods.

THOS. COOK & SON, LTD.
BERKELEY STREET, LONDON, W.1 • OFFICES THROUGHOUT LONDON & PROVINCES
& WAGONS-LITS CO.

Swiss Winter Sports are Supreme

write for particulars to the
Swiss Federal Railways,
11b, Regent St., London, S.W.1.
or the leading Travel Agencies.

2 Minutes a day for Lovely Hands

A Beauty Specialist's Recipe.

IF YOU find the approach of colder weather causes your hands to roughen or even become badly chapped, VELDEW, the latest beauty aid, is just the thing you are looking for. Just before retiring for the night you rub a few drops of Veldew well into the hands — not a 2-minutes job. By morning every vestige of roughness or chapping disappears, whilst the regular use of Veldew through the Winter months keeps the hands in perfectly lovely condition. Quite frankly the results are like magic, and we have no hesitation in recommending Veldew to you. A two-month's supply in a dainty toilet-flask costs only **2/-**; or there is the trial size at **1/3**. Any good-class chemist will supply you.

HUNT BALLS

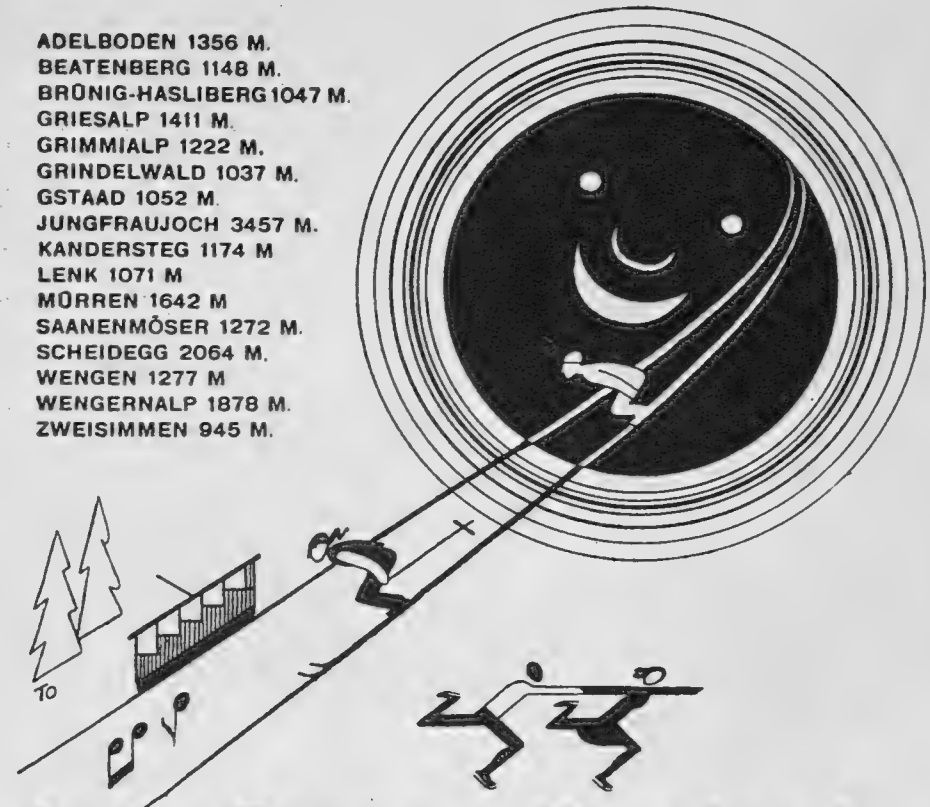
Usual high standard of Catering at lowest terms.

MAYFAIR CATERING CO., LTD.

34, North Row, London, W.1

May. 0175.

ADELBODEN 1356 M.
BEATENBERG 1148 M.
BRÜNIG-HASLIBERG 1047 M.
GRIESALP 1411 M.
GRIMMIALP 1222 M.
GRINDELWALD 1037 M.
GSTAAD 1052 M.
JUNGFRAUJOCH 3457 M.
KANDERSTEG 1174 M
LENK 1071 M
MÜRREN 1642 M
SAANENMÖSER 1272 M.
SCHEIDEGG 2064 M.
WENGEN 1277 M
WENGERNALP 1878 M.
ZWEISIMMEN 945 M.



In the Bernese Oberland, you will find everything

Ski-ing centres with Swiss ski-schools. A wide range of excursions. Easy ascents by mountain railway. Perfectly kept ice-rinks and well-banked luge-runs.

Detailed booklet „BERNESE OBERLAND" obtainable at every travel agency. Post free on request from the Bernese Oberland Publicity Office, Interlaken.

Always Right FOR 6000 feet a.s.l. Ski-ing Always!

Sport Hotels in the Centre of the Ski-field. Minimum inclusive terms:

Altein	Fr. 18	Neues Waldhotel	Fr. 18	Alexandra	Fr. 16	Post and Sporthotel	Fr. 15
Arosa Kulm	,, 18	Berghotel Prätschli	,, 17	Des Alpes	,, 16	Belvedere-Terrasse	,, 14
Excelsior	,, 18	Valsana	,, 17	Alpensonne	,, 15	Suvretta	,, 14
Tschuggen	,, 18	Raetia	,, 16	Bellevue	,, 15	Schweizerhof	,, 12
Hof-Maran	,, 18	Seehof	,, 16	Merkur	,, 15		

Write for Prospectus.

WINTER SPORTS — FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE IN THE SUNNY ALPS OF THE TYROL AUSTRIA

POPULAR WINTER SPORT RESORTS:—

Berwang—Ehrwald—Geltür—Gerlos—Gurgl—Hahenkamm—Hintertux—Igls—Innsbruck—Ischgl—Kitzbühel—Kufstein—Kühtal—Lermoos—Lienz-Osttirol — Iselsberg - Osttirol — Nauders — Obladis — Reutte — Schwaz — Seefeld — Serfaus — Sölden — Hoch - Sölden—St. Anton am Arlberg — St. Christoph am Arlberg — St. Johann i.T.—Steinach am Brenner — Vent — Zugspitze —Winter Health Resort Solbad Hall i.T.

SEVERAL SKI SCHOOLS—COURSES BY HANNES SCHNEIDER AND OTHER NOTED TEACHERS. Comfortable, well-managed Hotels and Inns, all modern conveniences (inclusive terms from 6/- up). All details, literature, etc., can be obtained from any Travel Agency and Information Bureaux of all the above mentioned resorts. Special arrangements for conducted tours.

Winter Sports in FRANCE

Chamonix, Mt. Blanc, Megève, Combloux, Peira Cava and Villard de Lans

Megève

A view of one of the ski-fields above Megève, in the Haute Savoie. The hut on the left, under its white winter eiderdown, must have been just about buried when the snow first fell

Col de Voza

Another ski-ing ground in the Haute Savoie, and one of the highest in this district, is at Col de Voza, not far from St. Gervais-les-Bains and Chamonix

Chamonix

WHEN we come to that part of France which specialises in winter sports, Chamonix springs to mind at once. It is always full of lovelies. This is partly due to the fact that the journey from Paris merely implies a comfortable night in a train-de-luxe, followed by a short but fascinating ascent from Le Fayet to St. Gervais. Chamonix is a kind of winter Deauville. The new skating-rink is nine acres in extent, and here many of the Paris dressmakers launch their sauciest fashions on their most exotic model-girls. Better still, the Pavillon des Sports provides you with baths, douches, tea-rooms, a refreshment bar, and even central heating—a luxurious change from the usual hard benches and locker-rooms for your skates. Then there is the great Mont Blanc bob-run, which is over a mile-and-a-half long. Water-pipes are laid down along its entire length for icing the surface continually. As for ski-ing, there are numerous two-day trips to the villages and to various cols at altitudes ranging from 5200 feet to 8200 feet.

Megève

MEGÈVE is ideal for the long-distance ski-er. The slopes of Mont d'Arbois and Mont Joly, where the climbing caterpillars made their first ascent in 1919, give you a boundless choice of easy runs. What strikes you immediately is the contrast between the quaint old Priory and the new hotel, and the local villagers in the round bonnets and gaudy fichus (I think that is the word) of Upper Savoy. Megève is one of the most fashionable and best sports resorts in France. The ski-runs are among the best in Europe, and the ski-fields are at the doors of the hotels. This summer an aerial railway has been built to a height of 1800 metres, and the run down by ski can be done in four minutes. The cabin takes twenty persons, and the top of the line is at Rochebrune. The length of the railway is 1950 metres.

Combloux

FOR a change you might like to try Combloux, with its Grand Hotel P.L.M. de Mont Blanc. From its terrace you can see the whole range of Mont Blanc and its lesser sisters. It is a quiet place, where nobody urges you to enter competitions or to improve your ski-ing.

I have never been to Peira Cava, for which Nice is a convenient centre, nor to Villard de Lans, but I hear good reports of the sunshine, the snow, the cuisine, and the bob-runs. And what more can you ask?

A view of part of the old village at Megève showing the open country in which Megève lies and which makes it one of the sunniest of winter-sports centres. It is an ideal place for long-distance ski-ing

Megève

Col de Voza

WINTER SPORTS... WHERE? ...IN FRANCE

At the best equipped Resorts in the

ALPS and the JURA

and even on the **RIVIERA** near NICE and CANNES.
Where you will find the maximum of pleasure and comfort.

ON THE RIVIERA : PEIRA-CAVA, 4740 ft.—BEUIL, 4362 ft.—THORENC, 3720 ft.

THE ALPS : CHAMONIX MONT BLANC, 3102 ft.—MEGEVE-MONT D'ARBOIS, 3300 ft.—COMBLOUX (Hôtel P.L.M..), 3000 ft.—MONT REVARD (Hôtel P.L.M.), 4650 ft.—ST. PIERRE DE CHARTREUSE, 2550 ft. VILLARD DE LANS, 3150 ft.—BRIANÇON-MT. GENEVRE, 5580 ft.—MONESTIER DE CLERMONT 2550 ft.

THE JURA : PONTARLIER, 2508 ft.—
MOREZ-LES-ROUSSES, 3405 ft.

For all information apply to—

P.L.M. RAILWAY CO.,

179, Piccadilly, London, W. 1

Col de Voza : Dôme du Goûter

Megève

Charles Gay on Winter Sports

(Continued from page 296)

Alix, Bagnères-de-Bigorre

A ski-ing photograph in the Pyrenees, taken near Superbagnères-Luchon on the Chemin de Fer du Midi. The hotel at Superbagnères is 1800 metres above the sea and in the middle of the loveliest Pyrenees country

recommend any one of them in particular, but don't overlook the idea of going to the Tyrol.

Sestrières

THE latest place to visit is Sestrières. This is Italian, and money is being spent like water to make it successful. This winter arrangements have been made for a flying service, which will get you there at six o'clock in the evening of the day you leave London. It is nearer seven thousand than six thousand feet above sea-level. Italian royalty flocked there at its opening season last year. The hotels are brand new. You have every kind of electric button to unlock or bolt the door while you lie in bed. Every room, in the latest of them, has a dressing-room, with hot and cold water attached to it; and yet the rates can be as little as eleven shillings a day.

Davos

HEAVENS, I have forgotten Davos, in the Engadine! Here the new cable railway now opens up the famous ski-fields of the Parsenn, to which the ski-runner formerly had to climb up laboriously from Wolf Gang. Now, energetic chaps can do fifteen to eighteen thousand feet of downhill running in a day, covering anything up to twenty-five miles of wonderful ski-ing country.

Chateau d'Œux

CHATEAU D'ŒUX, in French Switzerland, has six ice-rinks, a hockey-rink, four curling-rinks, a bob-sleigh-run, a toboggan-run, and three ski-leaps. It claims an average of seven hours' sunshine a day in January.

Norway

SWEDEN and Norway, I must confess, are also closed books to me. They are the places where "the tough babies" go in February and March, after they have surfeited themselves with ski-ing (if that is possible) on the Continent. Scandinavia, of course, is the home of ski-ing, and the locals have a rhythm on their skis which even the Swiss have not been able to acquire. Ice-yachting and skate-sailing are also practised up there. Both give you a marvellous thrill, I'm told. Mind you, the ski-ing is usually over flatter ground than one is used to in Switzerland. Norway is the only European country in which long ski-journeys of two or more weeks can be undertaken without danger. That alone is enough to attract the experts irresistibly.

Here is a view across an Austrian ski-field on the Kaltenberg, near St. Anton. At Innsbruck, in the Austrian Tyrol, the International Winter-Sports Week is being held this season from January 20th to 28th, when the varied and important events bring ski-ers, skaters, and bob-sleighers from all parts of Europe

ALPINE SPORTS

SIR HENRY LUNN LTD.

The Leading Authorities on all Winter Sports Matters.

Our Winter Booklet (180 pp.) post free on request, contains Reliable Information and Comparative Rates and Fares for

50 CENTRES and 100 HOTELS in SWITZERLAND, AUSTRIA & ITALY

Special arrangements for our clients at Mürren, St. Moritz, Klosters, Kitzbühel.

REDUCED RAIL FARES - NO BOOKING FEES

RATES FROM 2½ Gns. WEEKLY.

Sole British Booking Agents for

SESTRIÈRES (6,600 ft.) from **11/-** a day.

The perfect new centre in Italy.

Air service facilities.

Fortnightly return services from December 22nd, arriving same day. Inclusive fare: **£12** single; **£19** return.

Also for the Christmas Holidays: Special reduced return fare, **£16 - 16 - 0**—December 22nd to 27th.

2 (B.Y.), ALBANY COURTYARD, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

CRESTA PALACE HOTEL

CELERINA-Engadine 5,857 ft., within 2 miles from ST. MORITZ

THE sunniest Winter Resort in the Engadine. Sun rises at 8.40 on December 21st. SKI TOURS. The Celerina School of Ski-ing. MOTOR SERVICE to Chantarella—Corviglia Railway.

PRIVATE ICE-RINK, SKATING, ICE HOCKEY AND CURLING COMPETITIONS. TOBOGGAN-RUN.

First-Class Family Hotel - 200 Beds - Private Bathrooms
Orchestra - Concerts - Balls - American Bar

For all particulars apply: G. BISENZ, Manager, or the Sports Information Bureau at LILLYWHITES, Ltd., Piccadilly Circus, London, S.W.1.

A Jewel by William Ogden

is the hall-mark of distinction. His important collection is on private view at 4 King Street, St. James.

Also at the Dorchester and Gleneagles Hotels

A sketch of two Kendall and District Otter-hounds, from K. F. Barker's delightful book of pen and pencil drawings, "Just Dogs," which was published last month by "Country Life" (10s. 6d.)

The Doggy World

Why?

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THE longer I live with dogs, the more certain I am that there is always a reason for every tiresome thing they do. In fact, it is nearly always the owner of a dog who is to blame and very rarely the dog.

I pride myself upon the fact that, although I live in a suburban road, my neighbours never hear any noise from my dogs between six at night and seven in the morning, when the whole avenue is stirring and people and dogs get up. But for the last few nights I have been furious with little Assi, the Finnish Spitz, who has barked incessantly for nearly a quarter of an hour, about ten o'clock. As I dislike being waked from my sleep—and other people must, too—I determined to find out what caused it. I knew that she was not hungry or cold, and I was pretty certain that she was not ill. I found out, in the end, that one of the legs of the bench on which she sleeps was a little insecure and the bench wobbled. I had this remedied and she stopped barking.

THIS is only an example of how a small thing may upset a dog, and how important it is to discover why a dog barks and how easy it is to stop it. If you have a barking dog (at night) and you can find no reason for his doing so, try giving him a warmer bed or, alternatively, giving him a drink of warm milk last thing at night, or else bring him into the house. One of these will surely effect a cure, unless the dog is ill. Loneliness is a great factor in making dogs noisy, and so is cold—that is to say, draughty cold. Sheer cold of the atmosphere will not affect a dog so long as he has a good bed raised off the floor and his system is not debilitated.

AGAIN, many people tell me that their dogs suffer from continual attacks of vomiting, and they speak in a hopeless, resigned manner, as though it could not be helped. Believe me, there must be an adequate reason, and when you know the reason, you are half-way to curing the cause. It is probably a form of gastric catarrh, and that is easily cured with a little care and a rigid diet for a few days. But unless you discover the "why" of the matter, you may go on and on until your dog becomes really ill, and then you will be sorry.

ANOTHER correspondent writes that she cannot train her six-weeks'-old puppy to be house-clean. The "why" here is simple enough. The puppy is too young to train—indeed, too young to have left its mother. Personally, I never bother to house-train until a pup is about five or six months old. Why? Because, until it has reached that age, however willing it may be, its physical powers are not developed, and I see no sense in scolding it and spoiling its temperament for what it really cannot help. I let my puppies run about outside till thay have reached an age of discretion. Then I bring them straight in and they rarely make a mistake.

A NEW HOME OF HOPE & HEALING

JUST 100 years ago, the present Westminster Hospital was erected in Broad Sanctuary. It is to-day quite inadequate for the demands on its services and the Governors of the Hospital have decided that rebuilding can no longer be delayed.

This momentous step has the full approval of the President of the Hospital, H.R.H. The Prince of Wales and of King Edward's Hospital Fund.

An option has been obtained upon a most suitable site facing St. John's Gardens, in the heart of Westminster.

£350,000

in voluntary gifts is needed to complete the cost of the new building and site.

£100,000 OF THIS SUM MUST BE OBTAINED BEFORE THE 31st MARCH, 1934,

if the Governors are to retain command of the new site and proceed with the scheme of rebuilding.

Donations, large or small, may be spread over a period of seven years, thereby giving donors the advantage of deducting income-tax upon their donations.
Donations intended for the New Medical School should be specifically indicated.

Please send a donation to-day to: The Treasurers Westminster Hospital, Broad Sanctuary Westminster, S.W.1
Cheques should be crossed "Barclays Bank Ltd."

WESTMINSTER HOSPITAL REBUILDING APPEAL

Ry ad

Madame, for elegance you must wear a belt by

J. Roussel

CORSETIÈRE OF PARIS

—then your gowns will show the graceful lines which only creations by J. Roussel can give.

Is your figure as beautiful as it might be? The "Roussel Review" shows the modern way to beauty of line. Call or write for a free copy of the Review with Catalogue No. 14.

177 Regent St., and 74 New Bond St., London, W.1

6 King Street, Manchester. 6 Midland Arcade, Birmingham *166 Bd. Haussmann, Paris.*

YOUR CHRISTMAS OPPORTUNITY

14 DAYS — St. MORITZ for only **15 GUINEAS** inclusive

Leaving London, Friday afternoon, Dec. 22
COMFORT TRAVEL by SPECIAL TRAIN

No crowding—our own Restaurant Cars. All tips, taxes and transfers included.

Similar arrangements for other centres: PONTRESINA, SAMADEN, CELERINA, DAVOS, LENZERHEIDE, AROSA, etc.

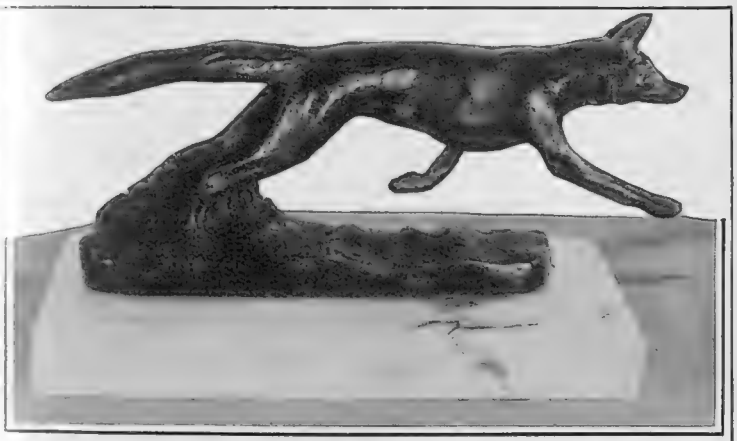
The price quoted is for 3rd class travel. The supplement for 2nd class rail, short sea-route, and no night travel is only

£3 : 3 : 0

Write for our detailed Winter Sports Book (C.H.)

HICKIES

Whitehall 2094. **25 COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W.1**



"CHARLES"

Bronze by
T. IVESTER LLOYD

This admirable study of a running fox is mounted on an onyx plinth, grooved on either side to receive pens, pencils, etc. It can also be obtained on a shortened base, silver-plated, for mounting on radiator cap as a car mascot.

Price **6½ gns.**; on plain marble plinth, **6 gns.**

This is one of many sporting bronzes to be seen at the Sporting Gallery, where an extensive display of the work of many artists can be seen.

Recent pictures by Lionel Edwards, R.I., and other Sporting Artists are always on view.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

★

BOTH THE SAME AGE
—BUT HE'S TEN YEARS
THINNER THAN SHE IS!

. . . And yet weight is her constant topic of conversation. To-day we hear she thinks she's "taken off a bit!" To-morrow, maybe, we find she's "put on terribly." And what exasperates her is that her husband, by no means constitutionally thin, seems to keep his figure without worrying at all. She can't understand it.

We can. It's a clear case of a Mr. Can married to a Mrs. Can't. Mr. Can, as we have said, does what his wife calls nothing" to keep thin. But what she leaves out of account is that he does just the one thing needed to keep fit. He takes Eno every morning. While his wife spasmodically doses and damages her system with harsh purgatives, he keeps on steadily with Eno—banishing poisonous waste naturally and safely every day, before it has time to slow down his machinery and make him fat. Of course he's fit! And slim into the bargain. Why that wife of his doesn't *see* what Eno is doing for him—and adopt the same sensible regime, we can't think. Beware of sensational slimming methods. They do no permanent good, but often do much permanent harm. There's no short cut to slimness. If you're lazy, if you don't look after yourself every *single* day, your internal machinery will slow down, and fat is bound to accumulate. That's certain.

But take the trouble to take Eno every morning directly you get up—and you're on the high road to reducing and *keeping* reduced. The action of Eno is so thorough—yet so gentle. It simply washes away that clogging waste—and potential pounds with it. Eno contains no coarse mineral salts. And no sugar either. It is absolutely *safe*—as the healthiest people in England have proved for over sixty years. And when you start taking Eno, back up the good work intelligently. Don't loll about. Walk when you've time. And as you grow older, don't eat a lot of sweet cakes, heavy puddings and fat-making foods. Not even Eno can help you if you do that.

We've said nothing about the clearer skin, the brighter eyes, and bounding spirits that come with the consistent use of Eno. Start taking Eno to-morrow—and become a radiant Mrs. Can. Eno's 'Fruit Salt' is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d. for the handy size, and 2s. 6d. for the double quantity household bottle.

★

The Editor's Box

The eighteenth of the twenty "Bystander" Red Star Cruise photographs, in which the passenger circled gets a lucky guinea, if she writes to claim it, giving her name and address

Lest We Forget

There are many aspects of the work of the British Legion about which little is heard, and it would be impossible to estimate the value of the work done by this organisation since it was founded by Earl Haig in 1921. The bulk of the Legion's income is derived from the Remembrance Day Appeal on November 11th. It is essential that there should be no falling-off in this, and it is hoped that the 1933 contribution will be no less generous than those of other years. Remittances sent by post should be addressed to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E., Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

For Christmas: Royal Cards—

Members of the Royal Family have graciously given permission for their Christmas cards this year to be reproduced. The King has chosen a fine representation of Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey; the Queen and the Princess Royal, with their well-known love of flowers, two charming garden scenes; while the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of York have selected lively historical pictures. These cards are of more than ordinary interest, and the demand for them is bound to be heavy. The publishers are Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons, Ltd.

—And Hunting Calendars

Messrs. Balding and Mansell are producing a series of six Art Calendars depicting hunting scenes: "The Hursley," "The Berkeley," and "The Pytchley," by Lionel Edwards, R.I.; "The Huntsman," by Gilbert S. Wright; "The Regulars," by C. E. Stewart; and "Going to a Halloa," by Sanderson Wells, R.I. They are mounted on heavy gilt, bevelled, and the work is beautifully finished. A descriptive flyleaf by W. M. Fawcett, author of "Saddle-Room Sayings," is attached, and the whole ensemble makes a most attractive Christmas offering for your hunting friends. The price for the six assorted is 25s. Balding and Mansell's address is Wisbech, Cambs.

At Bad Nauheim

M. F. G. Meier, the general director of the Hessisches Staatsbad, with Viscountess Allenby and Field-Marshal Viscount Allenby while they were staying in Bad Nauheim and taking the cure

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month. Coupons must be attached to the cards signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, *346, Strand, W.C.2, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

"THE BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON NOVEMBER

Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

.....

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

"THAT UNMATCHED FORM . . ."

Modern Fashions Demand Symmetry of Form: Modern Woman Demands Freedom and Exploits Grace: Alliance of All These Qualities Produces Perfect Corsetry.

A MAN asked me: "How is it done? Nowadays nearly all these girls and women appear to have perfect figures and yet they don't pinch themselves in or push themselves up with those awful stays or they couldn't move as they do. Look at them dancing! And a girl beat me at squash to-day! She couldn't have done that if there had been any stay-laces or whale-bone about her."

Agreed. And, what is more, women could not wear the clinging, revealing frocks of to-day over rigid, boned contraptions that left off suddenly, making a ridge or a bulge, or did not leave off suddenly enough!

The answer to the pertinent question, "How is it done?" is that the art of corset-making has evolved, like everything else, as a result of the demands of woman, emancipated both mentally and physically. The corset of the past would not recognise its descendants—silken girdles, little frivolous suspender-belts, exquisite backless corsets and ineffable brassières in hundreds of different fascinating materials and attractive colours. And yet it would have no right to be "superior," for these modern foundation garments are scientifically designed to give just the amount of support and control required, moulding the figure to symmetry and grace without any of the harsh and harmful pressure of their antecedents.

Let us examine, for instance, the merits of the universally-acclaimed Kestos brassières. These literally idealise the figure while giving the correct support. They are not perceptible even when worn under thin dresses, jumpers, or bathing-suits. The secret of their success lies in the cut and the subtle and unique cross-way pull by which complete freedom of movement is given, while the brassière relieves all strain and helps the bust to maintain or attain natural beauty of form.

KESTOS brassières can be had in diaphanous, impalable materials, "Kestosheen," cotton voile, Alencon lace, crêpe-de-Chine, or in stronger fabrics if more support is required, such as satin or art silk broché: there are about twenty different materials to choose from, and standard sizes range from thirty to thirty-eight inches, and there are, besides, special Kestos Junior and Nursing Brassières.

There are Kestos belts, girdles, "step-ins," and corsets to embrace (literally) every conceivable type of figure and assist at every imaginable occasion, from the "Zoma" belt for dancers and sportswomen, a mere trifle of ingeniously arranged ribbons which do not pull or twist the stockings, to the luxurious "Tea Rose" Decolleté, a combination of the brassière with a backless corset of two-way stretch elastic which gives perfect control and support over diaphragm and hips and is fastened at the back by a patent device to keep a smooth, unbroken line. There is an "infinite variety" of girdles of varying depths, and suspender-belts in crêpe-de-Chine, art silks, poplin, some with elastic panels, or the soft "Celta" Step-In of fine silk elastic with reinforced panels back and front.

These are only a few of the many Kestos models, and the range of sizes and prices make them every woman's affair if she would be "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form."

Printed for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and published weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. NOVEMBER 8, 1933.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

I BELIEVE that every woman needs some form of beauty treatment.

I believe that every woman is more beautiful than she knows.
I believe in helping everybody, no matter how much or how little they can afford;
for I believe in inexpensive beauty treatment—**and I believe** in simple beauty treatment.
I believe in beauty treatment for the morale—and for all people over 25.
I don't believe that ugliness exists!

Sylvia Ironside

THE SYLVIA IRONSIDE REDUCING CHIN-STRAP

At last a chin-strap that is really comfortable and effective! Years of experience have resulted in this new design; which is made entirely of rubber. As it has not to be worn over creams and lotions, it is light and easy to adjust, and is equipped with a special head-strap to hold it in position. Patented by Sylvia Ironside, priced as low as 21/-, and gives definite results.

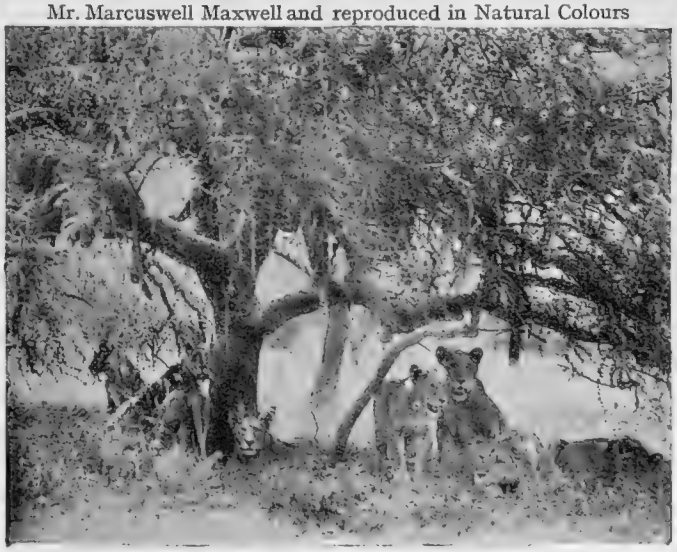
Sylvia Ironside invites you to call at her saloon, at 20, Bruton Street, where advice on your individual needs will be given to you free of charge.

SYLVIA IRONSIDE LTD., 20 BRUTON STREET, W.1
MAYFAIR 0070.

THE DELTA FINE-CUT SERIES OF JIG-SAW PUZZLES

BEST FOR FINISH AND QUALITY.

A unique subject photographed from Real Life by Mr. Marcuswell Maxwell and reproduced in Natural Colours



"THE DISTURBED SIESTA."

Size about 22" × 16", **600** pieces. Price **22/-** post free.

42-page Illustrated Catalogue and Leaflets containing particulars of Puzzles from 30 to 2,000 pieces. 2d. post free.

JOIN THE DELTA JIG-SAW PUZZLE CLUB.
Class A.—EIGHT GUINEAS per annum.
Class B.—FIVE GUINEAS per annum.

Further particulars on application to
DELTA JIG-SAW PUZZLE CLUB, 64, Fore St., London, E.C.2

Alex Lord designs a ski-ing outfit in beige and navy

The sketch shows a jacket of beige gloving leather, which is light, waterproof and unaffected by wet snow. It has navy buttons, and capacious zip-fastened pockets. With it are worn a navy leather belt and helmet, tailored navy gaberdine trousers, and a high-necked sweater in cable stitch.

For travelling out to Austria, Alex Lord wears a beige close-clipped camotex coat with brown suede facings, and a suede Tyrolean hat. The coat is guaranteed waterproof, and is snug and warm to wear over ski-ing and skating things.

ALEX LORD of LEATHERCRAFT

42 BERKELEY STREET, W.1
Mayfair 2673

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) Daily 12 Noon (Sundays, 6 p.m.).
KATHARINE HEPBURN,
DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JNR., and ADOLPHE MENJOU in
"MORNING GLORY."

HOTELS

Take a luxury holiday at ordinary rates

The Royal Victoria makes a speciality of comfort—hot and cold water to all the hundred bedrooms and private suites, passenger lift, central and electric heating, garages, music, excellent cuisine, famous chef, vintage wines—and a wonderful new hundred-and-twenty-foot sun lounge that has no rival along the whole of this sunny south coast.
Terms from as little as 4½ gns. inclusive.

THE ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA Telephone: Hastings 869

CONTINENTAL HOTELS.

CANNES
THE GALLIA PALACE

— Offers its guests — all the sunshine and all the comfort possible at really reasonable rates.

Magnificent position, yet only a few minutes' walk from the Croisette. Gallia Tennis Club opposite Hotel.

Director - J. WILD.
London Information Bureau: Royal Court Hotel, Sloane Square, S.W.1.
Phone - - - - Sloane 9191.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

FRANCE.

Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest-class res. hotel. Right up to date. Renowned cuisine & cellar. Phone ev. rm. V.lge. garden.

Juan-les-Pins.—"Les Ambassadeurs."—Open 1932; facing beach & casino. Every room with balcony, bath, 'phone.

Monte Carlo.—Hotel Terminus Palace.—Opp. casino. Gdns., Beach. 1st cl. Pens. fr. Frs. 50, with bath Frs. 65. Suite Frs. 80.

Nice.—Atlantic Hotel.—First class 200 rms. Own garage with lock-ups. Mod. tms. Annexe: Hotel du Rhin Tourist class, entir. renov.

FRANCE—*continued.*

Toulon (Var) Le Prieuré de Lamalgue.—Fcg. sea at Mourillon. Every cmf.; lge. gdn., tennis, garage. Special terms for long stay.

Versailles.—Le Home Versaillais, 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furnished flats. 1st class appointmt. Very mod. rates.

PARIS.

Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

SWITZERLAND.

Geneva.—The Beau Rivage.—Finest pos. on Lake, facing Mt. Blanc. Splendid terrace with open-air Restaurant.

Geneva.—Hotel de la Paix.—On the lake facing Mont Blanc. Close to pier. Nr. station. Latest comfort. Quiet rooms from S. Frs. 6.

Geneva.—Hotel Richemond. First class fam. hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

WEIRD STORIES

A most entertaining book of Mystery and the Occult, containing more than sixty short stories of absorbing interest relating weird personal experiences, all written by responsible people in good faith.

200 PAGES IN CLOTH-BOUND COVER

PRICE **2/6** PER COPY

(Postage 4d. extra.)

Order with remittance to be sent to—

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, Ltd., 346, Strand, London, W.C.2.

A NEW PICTORIAL RECORD OF

GILBERT & SULLIVAN OPERAS

The following Operas are portrayed in the work—32 pages of NEW pictures:

THE GONDOLIERS
RUDDIGORE
IOLANTHE
THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE
THE MIKADO
PRINCESS IDA
H.M.S. PINAFORE
PATIENCE
THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD
TRIAL BY JURY
COX AND BOX
THE SORCERER

A Remarkable Shillingsworth

YOU MUST GET IT

To order from your Newsagent, or

BY POST

1/3

1/- for Book.
3d. for Packing & Post.

PRICE ONE SHILLING

Produced entirely in Photogravure, and published by The Sphere, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, this pictorial record contains over seventy photographs of scenes in the various Operas. Order your copy now—the edition is limited.

"LOCH TORRIDON"

MODEL BY FRANK H. MASON

Length (figurehead to stern) 12½ inches.

The Sporting Gallery begs to announce that a few copies of Mr. Frank H. Mason's model of the famous four-masted barque "Loch Torridon" are still available. As in the case of Mr. Mason's previous models of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark," twenty-five reproductions only, numbered and signed, have been made under the artist-craftsman's personal supervision. The price is Twenty-five Guineas (packing and transport extra). *All reproductions of "Thermopylæ" and "Cutty Sark" have been sold and copies of either model are at a premium.* Orders for "Loch Torridon" are booked and executed strictly in rotation. "Loch Torridon" has been selected for the present occasion by Mr. Mason in deference to many requests for a model of one of the celebrated Clyde-built barques, which rank admittedly among the most shapely and beautiful vessels ever launched.

An example can be inspected in The Sporting Gallery.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Removed by Electrolysis at Home

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way, removing each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely. It has never failed and is so simple a child could use it; guaranteed. Complete, with full instructions, £4.4.0, or 20/- and 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated brochure free, in plain envelope.

VANDRÉ CO. (Dept. 16), 227 BATH ST., GLASGOW.

Simpkins

T.C.L (THROAT) (CHEST) (LUNG) TABLETS

SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

For Wintry weather

If unable to obtain write to :—

A. L. SIMPKIN & CO., LTD.,

Barley Sugar Works,

SHEFFIELD 6 (& LONDON).

FURS & FUR COATS

Of Quality, also Coats & Gowns

Pay by small amounts that will pass unnoticed in your monthly expenditure. Write for Catalogue to Dept. WDD.

SMARTWEAR, LTD.,

263-271, Regent St., LONDON, W.1.

Advertisers would appreciate your mentioning

THE BYSTANDER

when replying to their announcements.

BENGER'S Food

for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED

STOP THAT COLD with VAPEX

TRADE MARK

INHALANT

"A drop on your handkerchief"

Between the first and the second sneeze there is time to take precautions. You can either neglect the oncoming cold, with all its unpleasant and possibly dangerous consequences, or you can stop the infection with "Vapex".

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief. As you breathe it grows stronger and stronger. The head is relieved. The "stuffiness" goes. The whole respiratory system is gently stimulated to increased resistance.

"Vapex" stops colds quickly because it goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the warm passages of the nose and throat. The simple act of breathing the pleasant "Vapex" vapour brings an active germicide into direct contact with the infection.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

V104

Cuticura Talcum cools comforts

Fine, soft and smooth as silk, it keeps the skin comfortable twenty-four hours of the day. It also does much to prevent chafing and irritation.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.

SMART CLOTHES

For

SMART WOMEN

EXCLUSIVE MODELS FOR • COUNTRY • SPORT TOWN • TRAVEL

A wrap-over woollen dress in various colours. It looks very smart either with a scarf knotted round the neck, or, as shown, with a high-necked jumper of a contrasting colour.

5½ Gns.

RICHARD *Sands* of Sloane Street

LONDON, S.W.1

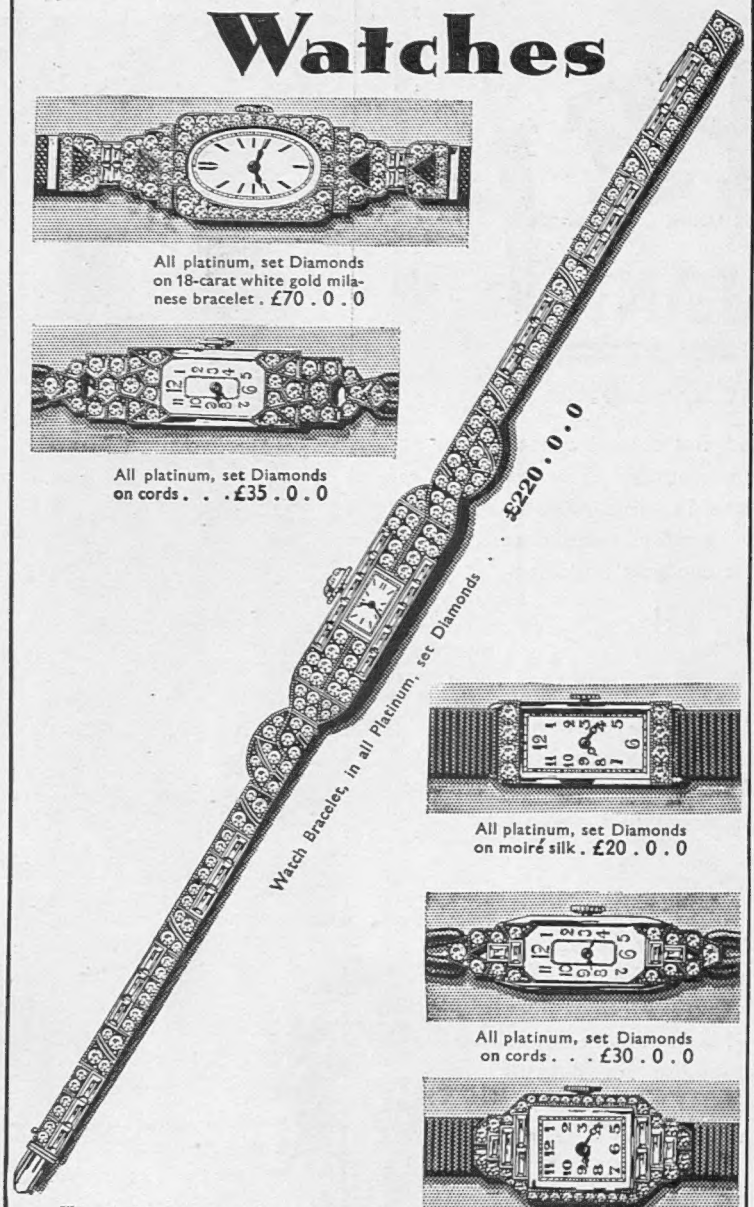
'PHONE SLOANE 5134

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

Diamond Set Watches

All platinum, set Diamonds on 18-carat white gold milanese bracelet . £70 . 0 . 0

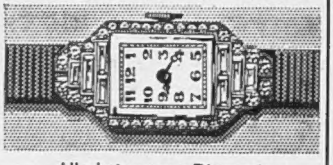
All platinum, set Diamonds on cords . . . £35 . 0 . 0



Watch Bracelet, in all Platinum, set Diamonds . . £220 . 0 . 0

All platinum, set Diamonds on moiré silk . £20 . 0 . 0

All platinum, set Diamonds on cords . . . £30 . 0 . 0



All platinum, set Diamonds on moiré silk £52 . 10 . 0

All platinum, set Diamonds on 18-carat white gold milanese bracelet £57 . 10 . 0

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's watches are of proved timekeeping reliability, and offer the best in quality, workmanship and value. There is a definite two years' guarantee given with every watch purchased from the Company.

A copy of a new illustrated catalogue will be gladly sent upon application.

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY · LTD

Jewellers and Silversmiths to H.M. The King

112 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1

At the Corner of Glasshouse Street—No other Address

N
W E
S

WEST with a touch of NORTH

At Bernard Weatherill's you get West-End cut, the finest materials—*and* a cold sanity about the profits a tailor should take. Style, so important in evening wear, is taken care of by craftsmen who are more exacting than clients. Add to this a flawless fit and subtract a substantial amount from the price you pay elsewhere for first-class work—and you have a dress-suit tailored by Bernard Weatherill.

By Appointment. *By Appointment.*

Bernard Weatherill Ltd.

55, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

81, Cannon Street, E.C. 4. Birmingham: 11, Bennetts Hill.

Branches at Ascot, Aldershot and Camberley.

Tickling Cough?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist Stocks Them

4d. per oz.

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3

TURNBERRY HOTEL

ON THE AYRSHIRE COAST

GOLF

TENNIS

SWIMMING

The Sunshine corner of Ayrshire. Scotland's leading seaside resort for Autumn and Winter Holidays. Golf by the shores of the Gulf Stream.

Special Autumn and Winter Terms from 21/- per day.

Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services.

Is **PLAIN PERFORMANCE** *enough for you, or do you want*

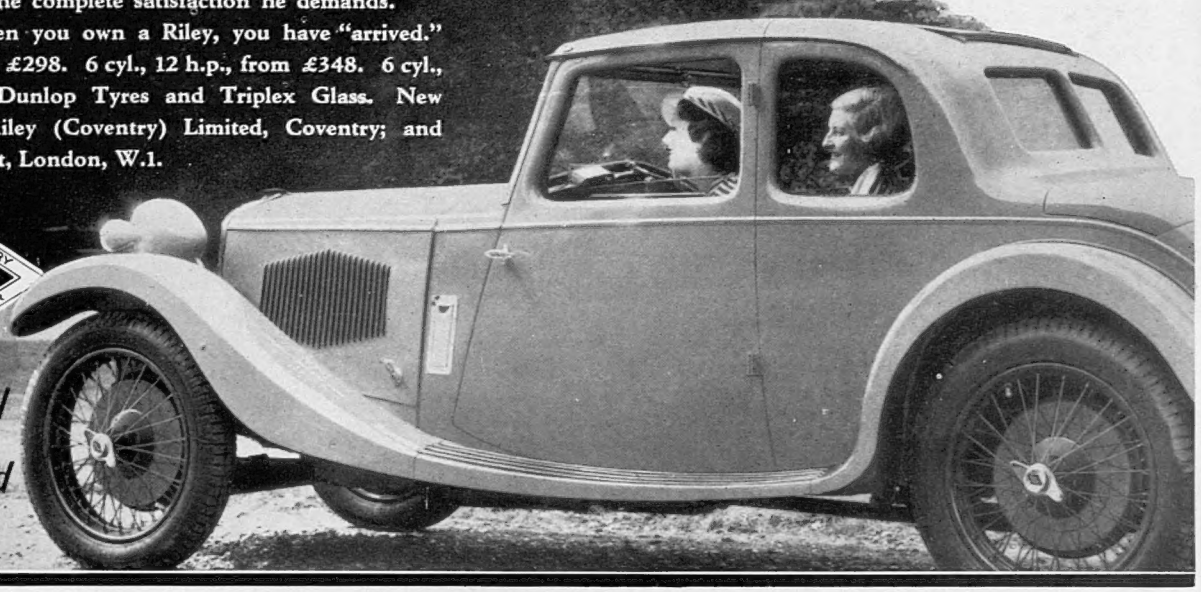
PEAK

performance?

A car upon which you can rely a little more—either in passing a tramcar down hill on a foggy day or in crossing a continent. A car of which the critics violently discuss its colour schemes and the shape of its ashtrays because they can find nothing to criticise in the engine, transmission, or coachwork. A car that, in a changing world, gives you nothing that is not ultra-reliable, ultra-simple; that makes a novice feel an expert and gives the expert the complete satisfaction he demands. Among motorists, when you own a Riley, you have "arrived." The 9 h.p. Riley from £298. 6 cyl., 12 h.p., from £348. 6 cyl., 14 h.p., from £375. Dunlop Tyres and Triplex Glass. New model details from Riley (Coventry) Limited, Coventry; and 42 North Audley Street, London, W.1.

AS OLD AS THE INDUSTRY — Riley — AS MODERN AS THE HOUR

most successful car in the world



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c.

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6d. 1/- 2/- & 4/-

J. Goddard & Sons, Nelson Street, Leicester.

GRANT'S MORELLA CHERRY BRANDY

QUITE THE IDEAL LIQUEUR FOR HOME ENTERTAINING

A century's reputation for quality

Also ask your Wine Merchant for Grant's Crême de Menthe & Sloe Gin

Little Lady Liqueur

Welcome Always Keep it Handy

40 MILLION POPPIES READY FOR SALE
ON
REMEMBRANCE DAY
NOVEMBER ELEVENTH

The World's Greatest One-Day Appeal.

Haig's Fund Assists Ex-Servicemen of all Ranks, Services and Creeds.

Necessity Their Only Qualification.

BRITISH LEGION WORK, made possible by Poppy Day, includes the relief of distress, finding employment, sanatorium for tuberculous, help for the blind, workshops and homes for the disabled, pensions for the prematurely aged, etc.

YOU HAVE A SHARE IN THIS GREAT WORK because you buy Poppies on November 11th.

PLEASE HELP MAKE IT A GREATER WORK by paying a little more for your Poppy than you did last year and, if you are able, send a donation to EARL HAIG'S BRITISH LEGION APPEAL, Haig House, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W.1.

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

THE SPORTING GALLERY, 7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, LONDON, W.1.

In the heart of the New Forest

An old country house near London . . . glorious scenery for riding, walking or motoring . . . tennis, golf and every comfort of cuisine and service. Hot and cold water in every room. Self-contained suites. Fully licensed. Large garage.

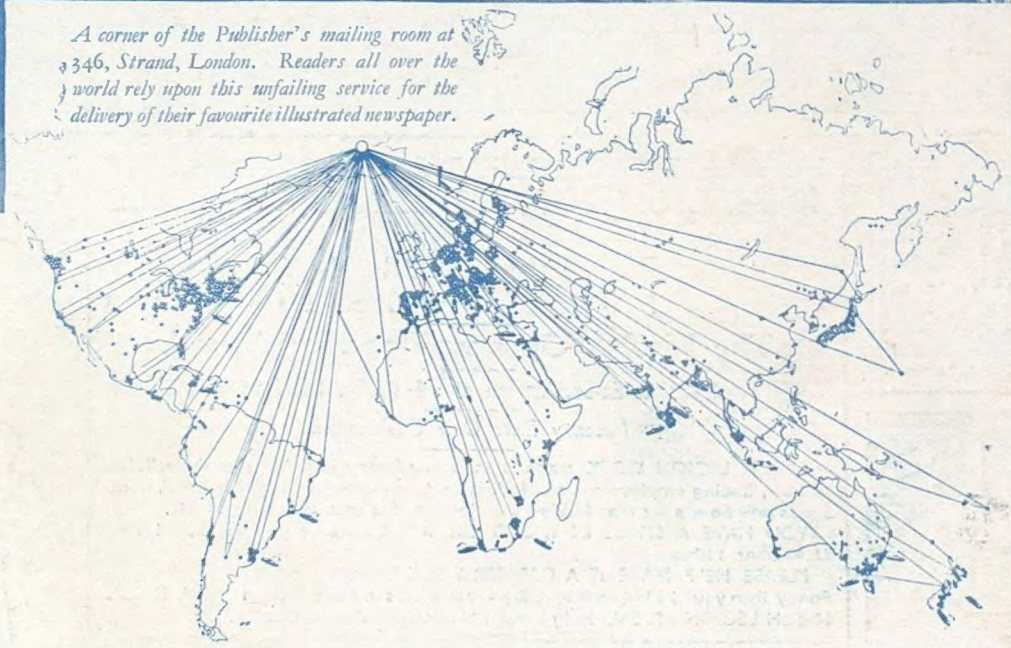
FOREST PARK HOTEL

Write to Manageress for illustrated Brochure

BROCKENHURST

SOMEBODY'S GLAD *that it's*
MAIL DAY TO-DAY

A corner of the Publisher's mailing room at 346, Strand, London. Readers all over the world rely upon this unfailing service for the delivery of their favourite illustrated newspaper.



Thousands of readers write us to send "somebody" The BYSTANDER each week. Where? Everywhere that English-speaking people go. What a joy it is to look forward to the mail that brings The BYSTANDER. For the modest sums below our Publisher will despatch for you thirteen, twenty-six or fifty-two weeks in succession —no worry, no wrapper writing, no posting.

THINK! Whom do you know who would give anything for a copy of The BYSTANDER each week? It's so very simple for you to give your friend this perpetual delight. A note to the Publisher (address below) or a request to your regular newsagent, and the deed is done for you. Your friend's address *and yours, of course,* that he or she may know to whom the thanks are due.

THE BYSTANDER

Subscription Rates	*At Home*	*Canada*	*Elsewhere Abroad*
Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos. ...	£3. 3. 0.	£3. 1. 0.	£3. 7. 6.
Six months, including Double Nos.	£1. 11. 6.	£1. 10. 6.	£1. 13. 9.
Three months, no extras	15. 9.	15. 3.	17. 0.

WRITE THE PUBLISHER—346 STRAND, LONDON—HE WILL DO THE REST

—Or if more convenient you can place the order with your regular Newsagent or Bookseller.